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Everything's Perfect... Right..?

(East Germany (who shall now be called Mini Poland) pov)

I couldn't believe things were going this well! Everything was perfect! Wars calming down, us countryhumans having less work, everyone getting the therapy they need. What could be better? It was like Poland coming back to life was a new beginning for all of us.

I just walked down the halls of the building Poland and I worked in, just as happy as I'd been the last few days. Then, I was tackled to the ground just as a loud shot rang out.

(A few minutes earlier)

(America pov)

I was bored. So, I decided to use my powers to entertain myself. I mostly spy on my leaders, and they're always mad when I know what they're planning something that's supposed to be a surprise but I know about it like, 5 months early. But this time, they seemed to be talking about something serious. "Do you know if they've started yet?" one asked. "No. They haven't. But I recently told them that it's better to take down the younger one first, that way it's a distraction."

The hell were they talking about? Who are they trying to kill here? "What're their names?" one asked. Finally, I was going to get answers. "I believe East Germany and Poland, sir."

My eyes widened. Oh shit. I had to tell them and prey that it wasn't too late. My powers would be the fastest way to get to them.

(Poland pov)

"Poland!" I hear someone shout. Was that America? How the fuck did he get in my head? Wait. Better question: Why is he wasting my

time? "Poland! You need to get East out of there! The humans, they're going to try to kill you two!" he said. Was this some sort of sick joke? No. I didn't think so. The terror in his voice was real. That's when I overheard something. "Najpierw weźmiemy młodszego (We'll get the younger one first)."

Knowing they were ahead of me, I took the short cut to where East would be and found him. I tackled him to the ground just as a gunshot fired above us.

I'm back and I want to write. And, since I'm on Christmas break, I will get to post more often. Merry Christmas people!

Who's Next?

(Mini Poland pov)

Suddenly, it felt as if my body were being ripped apart. I closed my eyes, and suddenly, the pain went away. I opened my eyes to see the inside of my house. The person who had tackled me to the ground stood up and I saw that it was Poland.

"What the hell happened?" I asked, still trying to figure out what all had occurred in the last 5 seconds. "The humans just tried to kill you," he explained flatly. "Before you ask, no we don't know why and we think all of them might be working together."

Hold on. Working together? The leaders of countries? We're lucky if we can find to people who like the same color, let alone get along. But then a new thought ran through my head. Who was next?

(Russia's pov)

I walked down the hall on high alert. I had a feeling that my leader was planning something, so I decided to be careful since when I get a feeling, I'm usually right.

Then, I hear the nearly silent click of a gun being loaded. There it is. I made a run for it. There were footsteps running behind me, but I was running much faster and managed to get my World Knife to teleport to Countryhuman City. If my own people are trying to kill me, what would I do? Where could I go that would be safe? Maybe Grandpa's? I mean, he's a bit clingy but it's not necessarily a bad idea. His country is very dangerous and capable of protecting me from my people, and he might as well be the only person that loves me, so what would I have to lose by going with him?

Suddenly, my grandfather teleported into Countryhuman City. He had a bullet wound in his arm. "America," I greeted, though slightly confused. I wasn't supposed to be here in work hours so he knew something happened. "So your leaders are revolting too?" he asked.

"So it really was a team effort."

Fuck. The whole world is like this? There's no safe haven anywhere? Wait, better question. The leaders of our countries are getting along?!

Hi. Once again, merry Christmas and if you don't celebrate Christmas, happy new year, and if it's not your new year because you don't use the 365 day calendar, I hope you enjoy your life.

Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas

Feliz Navidad

Joyeux Noël

Frohe Weihnachten

Buon Natale

Feliz Natal

Vrolijk Kerstfeest

God Jul

Hyvää Joulua

С Рождеством (S Rozhdestvom)

Wesołych Świąt

Καλά Χριστούγεννα (Kalá Christoúgenna)

Mutlu Noeller

عيد ميلاد مجيد (Eid Milad Majid)

圣诞快乐 (Shèngdàn kuàilè)

メリークリスマス (Merī Kurisumasu)

메리 크리스마스 (Meri Keuriseumaseu)

मेरी क्रिसमस (Meri Christmas)

মেরি ক্রিসমাস (Meri Krismas)

மெரி கிறிஸ்துமஸ் (Meri Kiristhumas)

Sorry if I didn't put your language. These were just the languages that I heard you could somewhat trust Google Translate on. Anyway, I'm back and I'll try to get a chapter out soon!

The UN

(Poland pov)

"Look guys," I said, allowing annoyance slip into my voice, "We have to tell UN about this. All of countryhuman kind is at stake." America looked at me, realizing what I was implying. "AN EMERGENCY MEETING?! Are you insane?"

An emergency meeting hadn't been called since WW2 for obvious reasons. They aren't called unless either humans are constantly being massacred, or if countryhumans are going extinct. America obviously thinks since there hasn't been a death yet, it doesn't fit into the second category, which I guess it doesn't, but we can't be taking chances.

To my surprise, it was Russia who spoke up first. "Well what are we supposed to do, ты тупая сука (you dumb bitch)?! Wait until one of our friends or family gets killed? USA looked shocked by Russia's statement, but eventually stepped down.

Another portal opened and through it jumped two cats. Almost all white with a red dot on their faces and on the tips of their tails. They shifted back into humans. The Japans. The portal closed and we all noticed boy Japan leaning on his sister. His leg was bleeding. It looked like it'd been slashed open by a blade. He mumbled something in Japanese under his breath in pain and possibly annoyance. "We need to call an emergency meeting!" the Japanese girl shouted.

"Who do you think can get there fastest?" East asked. Someone needed to get to the building UN was in in order to call a meeting. Everyone looked at me. "I'll go now," I said. With that, I teleported away.

I found myself in an almost completely empty room that had to be at least the size of a city. In the center of the room, there was a desk. UN sat at it. He hadn't noticed me yet. I walked over, my steps

echoing loudly in the silent room. He looked at me, his face devoid of emotion. "What do you need Polska?" He always called us by our birthnames and not the names other countries gave us, which I found quite nice. Back to what I had to tell him. "America, Russia, my son, the Japans and I have all decided that we need to call an emergency meeting."

"Oh?" he asked. His face remained emotionless except for a small hint in his eyes that told me he wanted to know why. "We have discovered that humans, or at least the leaders of our countries, are revolting against us. All of us. And, I don't know how but, they seem to be... working together."

"Hmm..." he hummed. He turned to go into his security cameras around the world. His mouth pressed into a thin line. He powered off his computer and turned to me. "Fine," he said, standing up.

In my au, all organizations have the powers of the countries that are part of them, just a random fun fact. Anyway, hope you enjoyed this chapter!

My States

(America pov)

I decided to call one of my children to call all of the others to run. Maybe DC? No. He didn't understand half of them. What about... New York! I'll admit, New York could be kind of annoying considering that he always speaks every language except English. Any language imaginable, but she never speaks English, even though she can. She's the only person that everyone can understand or can understand everyone, so she's my best choice.

I called her. "Bonjour (Hello)?" she answered. "New York, the humans are rebelling. I need you to call the other states and tell them to come to Countryhuman City. Can you do that?"

"Si (Yes)," she replied before hanging up. I sighed and hoped everyone got here safely. Just as I thought that about 50 kids ran through a portal. Okay, so I had the states. But what about DC and the territories? I located New York. "Where are the territories?" I asked her. "あなたは私に電話するように言ったことは一度もありません (You never told me to call)。"

I could feel my face run hot in anger. "It was implied! Call them now!"

"好的。很好。(Okay. Fine)" she said, rolling her eyes. She picked up her phone and called the others. "행복하다 (Happy)?" I nodded, albeit, angrily, but it was good to know the rest of them would be here soon. The others teleported in and I did a head-count to ensure I had everyone. I did. Thank goodness.

A wirring sound of a portal opening sounded, and about 34 kids rushed through. Sadly, they were followed by a familiar face: China. "Let me guess," I said, my voice deadpan. "Your people tried to kill you." She glared at me. "I assume the same thing happened to you?" she asked, gesturing to my injured arm. We glared at each other for a while and I noticed Russia looking at his mom with and angry yet

scared expression.

Poland teleported back and informed us that he had talked to UN and an emergency meeting would occur in only a few minutes.

Another chapter. It's 3 am here and I'm tired, but I wrote this anyway. Enjoy.

Germany's Power

(Germany pov)

I typed at my computer, but could barely do it because of how many papers were on my desk. That's when I heard it. The unmistakable sound of a gunshot. And it would've been pointed at me. A huge amount of papers toppled over, but no impact of a bullet. I hid under my desk. I know that makes me seem like a coward, but whoever this person is has a gun and I don't carry weapons. Hell, I don't even know what either of my powers are!

I looked at the papers that fell in front of my desk. My paperwork saved me from that bullet. Damn, if I have so much paperwork that it can stop a bullet, no wonder people say that I need a vacation.

"Wir wissen, dass du hier drin bist! Komm raus, und wir werden darüber nachdenken, dich nicht zu töten (We know you're in here! Come out and we'll consider not killing you)!" someone shouted. Possibly one of my officials? No way. My officials would never do something so rash... right?

Just then, my desk was overturned and I was clearly visible to the enemy. It was my officials. One pointed a pistol at me and pulled the trigger...

Nothing happened. They pulled the trigger a couple more times before realizing the gun was empty. "Lass uns das einfach hinter uns bringen (Let's just get this over with)," another said as they pulled out a knife. I stood up and tried to back away slowly. I happened to notice my reflection and seeing that the emotionless expression I once wore was replaced by pure terror. I was up against the wall now with no way to escape.

The person now held the knife in a way that showed that they were going to jab it into my chest. In a moment of desperation, just as

their arm started moving, I threw my fist at them. I felt something materialize in my hand and waited. Waited for the pain that would shoot through me and kill me shortly after. But it never came.

Eventually, I opened my eyes and saw the knife that was supposed to kill me staying mere centimeters from it's target. My eyes shot up to scan the the room and I saw all of my officials staring at me in horror. My mind raced back to the thing that materialized in my hand. I looked down and saw that I was holding a knife that was buried into the chest of the person who had tried to kill me. Where did that knife come from? I didn't have any weapons on me beforehand, so what happened?

Then the knife I'd been holding disappeared and the person who had tried to kill me collapsed onto the ground.

With everyone distracted, I ran out of the room, grabbed my World Knife, and got to Countryhuman City.

Germany's strong power is to summon weapons. But he can technically summon anything since anything can be a weapon. I literally came up with this by thinking: What if Germany was being attacked and suddenly *tank exists*?

Anyway, hope you enjoyed as always!

Emotion? The Frick Is That?

(UN pov)

After Polska teleported away, I called AU. She knows that I normally don't call her unless it's something important. "What's happening now? Has Germany gone on a killing spree like the rest of his family?" "No," I reply. "The humans are rebelling." She went silent for a while. "And?" she eventually asked. I sighed. "They're calling an emergency meeting and I need you to help me contact the other organizationhumans."

NATO ran into the room then and said, "The humans are rebelling and it's getting out of hand!" AU had been on speaker and could hear him. "And you, a defense organization, couldn't handle them?" she asked. I couldn't tell weather she was angry or shocked. "No." NATO replied. "There were thousands of them. I couldn't risk killing them all considering how many of them brought their children, so I had to hold back."

"Which put you at a disadvantage?" I inquired, though my voice remained empty of emotion. He nodded. "The countryhumans already suggested an emergency meeting anyway, and I'll need all the help I can get getting to the other organizations.

AU then hung up and I went to calling ASEAN. This was going to take a while.

(Mini Poland pov)

My twin brother jumped through a portal. For once he didn't have his usual deadpan expression, but it was replaced by terror. "Are you okay?" I asked. He started muttering random things in German, a language I never understood because growing up I never heard a single person speak it. He started crying. Oh fuck. I was raised by Poland. I don't know shit about emotions, especially since I never saw West show any form of it.

A hug normally works so I tried that but it just made him start crying more. "Uhhh, JAPAN!!!!!!!!" I shouted. They were the best with emotions in my biological family. Italy just started crying if he saw someone else crying.

The girl Japan ran over and started consoling my twin brother. She also seemed confused on how to deal with this.

That's when EU's voice rang over the city loud-speaker. "THE EMERGENCY MEETING WILL COMMENSE IN 5 MINUTES. PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD WILL BE TELEPORTED INTO A SINGLE ROOM AND YOU ARE ASKED TO BEHAVE. PREPARE FOR THIS MEETING, AS EVERY EMERGENCY MEETING WE'VE HAD SO FAR HAS BEEN THE LAST MEETING FOR AT LEAST ONE."

Hewwo. Hope you enjoyed, I guess.

Here's what the girl Japan looks like:

[image]

The Emergency Meeting

(Canada pov)

I was sitting in my office when I heard knocking at my door. "Come in," I said. I wasn't expecting anyone. It was my Prime Minister that came in. "Mr. Canada," they said, their eyes avoiding mine. "I'm really, really sorry about this but..." they hesitated. What? Was one of my officials getting fired? Were they getting fired? "I have to kill you," they said bluntly and pulling a gun on me. "C'est quoi ce bordel (What the fuck)?" I shouted as a bullet fired in my direction. It didn't hit, but at the same time, WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH THEM???????? Sorry for cussing.

Out of nowhere a portal opens up behind me and sucked me into a meeting room. Surprisingly good timing. There was a buzzing noise coming from the ceiling and I could see the words "EMERGENCY MEETING" on it. Oh shit (sorry again for cussing). One of these again. Are humans rebelling all over the world?

I looked over to see there was a medic area. There was Poland, healing up people's wounds. I saw my brother-in-law, America, pacing. "What's going on?" I ask him. "The humans are rebelling," he said, not making eye contact with me. "Did they try to do anything to you?" he asked. "Well, you actually got me in here before they managed to shoot me, so I'd say yes."

Things have always been awkward between America and I. We never hated each other, but we're also not exactly best friends. I mean, I still don't get why my little sister France wanted to marry that damn Brit in the first place. He was annoying and always tried to act like he was older, even though America is older than his brother by almost a century, and I'm older than America. America's dad, England, was much easier to put up with than Britain. He could still be quite annoying, but at least he told Britain to respect his elders.

"Whacha thinkin' about?" America asked me, shaking me from my

thoughts. "Your little brother," I say flatly. America giggled a bit. "What?" I asked. "Remember that time when he told us that children need to stay home, and my dad slapped him on the back of the head?" I laughed too. "Kinda weird that we're laughing when the entire fate of our species is at risk," I say. America nods and we sit in silence.

Hello! Random facts about my Canada: they are aroace and he's gender fluid, meaning that she's open to any pronoun you give them. Also, all countryhumans in my AU are physically all genders, so no matter who they date they're technically gay but also not gay.

What Do We Do?

(Russia pov)

"The Emergency Meeting will begin in 5..."

Everyone rushed to stand up.

"4..."

Everyone looks for their spot.

"3..."

People shuffle into their spots.

"2..."

Everyone sits down.

"1."

Everyone was in their spots, sitting alert.

"I'm glad to see everyone here," EU says, obviously relieved. I even noticed ASEAN counting the countries in her organization. I was at an emergency meeting once before with my dad, the USSR. Ukraine, the second oldest in our family, hadn't even been born yet. I was only three, so of course, I don't remember it well. But it was kind of eerie as I looked through the few memories I had and noticed how many countries that would've been alive back then were missing. There was supposed to be exactly enough chairs for every country in the world, but several seats were empty. That was a long time ago though, and now all of the seats were filled.

UN and AU stood beside each other, looking over the room. "Right," UN said firmly. "What are we going to do about the humans rebelling?"

Everyone looks at each other for answers. We had no idea. "Set them on fire?" someone suggested. AU doesn't even bother to check who it is before saying, "No." I get an idea and decide to suggest it. "We could hide in Countryhuman City until they calm down."

"Nie, GE could only do so much with his power to create side dimensions. They aren't meant to hold people 24/7," Poland said, putting my idea down. "We could hide in our human forms," France suggested. "Humans don't know about our human forms and likely won't be looking for us as normal citizens."

"Well what about the ones of us who's leaders do know what our human forms look like?" I questioned. "You could stay with family or friends," East answers.

"What do we do in the longrun?" Mexico questioned. "We can only stay in our human forms so long and chances are if all of our leaders are working together, the ones who know what their country's human form looks like will likely reveal it." Several other countries nodded in agreement. EU stepped forward. "This will just be a temporary solution until we can find a permanent one. We can adjust it later, but everyone needs to stay on guard."

"We can stay in groups of 2 or 3 so that someone can always be watching each other's backs," Philippines suggested. ASEAN seemed to agree.

"So it's decided," UN said. "Everyone will live in their human forms in groups of 2 or more until we can come up with a real fix for this. Agreed?" We all nodded. "Goodbye. I hope to see you all alive when we figure out a more permanent solution," AU said, ending the meeting as we were all teleported to Countryhuman City.

Hello. I have no idea who suggested the fire thing and I'm the writer. What country do you guys think it would be suggested by?

Sleepover?

(Mini Poland pov)

All of us were teleported back to Countryhuman City and I noticed a familiar face in the crowed. That familiar face soon recognized me and walked over. "How've you been, Ukraine?" I asked. "Good, other than the whole 'humans are trying to kill us' thing," she joked. We stood in silence for a while. "So..." she mumbled, breaking the tense silence. "My leader knows what my human form looks like. Is it okay if I stay with you and Poland?" she asked as she avoided eye contact. "It should be," I said. "I mean, you and I have known each other for as long as either of us can remember and we used to have sleepovers almost every night."

She giggled a bit. "Okay, but just make sure you check with Poland first." I nodded in response. "HEY PAPA!" I shout. "UKI WANTS TO KNOW IF SHE CAN STAY WITH US!" He looked at me with the most pissed expression I'd seen on his face in a long time. Shit, I called him "papa" in public again. An explosion of red petals later, he was right in front of me, white wings unfurled and red eyes glowing.

"East... don't... ever... call... me... that... in... public... AGAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" He looked over to Ukraine, suddenly calm and unintimidating as ever. "And, yeah. You can stay with us if you want to."

"дякую (Thank you)," she said. "You're basically East's only friend, I can't leave you to die," Poland said. "Oh come on! She's not my ONLY friend!" I protested. "Really?" he said, it sounded almost like a challenge. "Name one other friend you have." I was about to speak up, but then stopped. Dammit, I really don't have any friends. "Exactly," he said in a proud voice. "So you ready to go home?" he asked. Uki and I nod.

Hi guys and thank you so much for OVER 700 READS on A (Adopted) Father's Love and over 50 reads on this book! Thank you so much and I'll try to keep posting as often as I can!

Grandpa America

(Russia pov)

I cautiously approached my grandfather. It's gonna be a real awkward conversation, at least for me. "Привет..." I said, avoiding eye contact. "Yeah, sure," he said. "What?" What was he saying "sure" to? I haven't even said anything except "hello"!

"Yeah, you can stay with me." How did he already know what I was going to ask? Seeing my confusion, he said, "My power is that I can experience what other people are experiencing, and that includes hearing thoughts." Great, now my grandfather is not just weird, he's creepy. "I'm not that creepy," he said, reading my thoughts yet again. "Then can you stop reading my mind?" I asked. Eventually he agreed.

How did my dad put up with this man his entire childhood? I followed him through the portal home he created with his World Knife. "Okay everyone! The whole family's staying at my face and Russia will be coming with us! Now everyone into their human forms and through the portal!" All the states and territories jumped into the portal. "You go before me," he offered. "I'm always last through." I nodded and found myself in an enormous house.

We seemed to have entered in a large living room that I swear is three times larger than my entire house! Where did he get the land to build this thing? "Now, we've got to figure out where you'll be staying..." my grandfather, America, said thinking. "Your dad's old room should work and if it doesn't, I had several other children that became their own countries and don't live with me anymore." I nodded, still admiring the house.

He grabbed me by the wrist. "I think your dad's room is down this hall." I was pulled up a set of stairs on our left and then down a dark hall. We approached the very end of the hall and I saw a room labeled "USSR". "You can go in if you want," America said, looking away from the door. I lifted my hand to the door handle and the

door swung open. That's definitely not creepy. I walked into the room and see that it's neat, though a thick layer of dust coated everything in the room. I assumed my grandfather hadn't been in here since the death of my father. Anyway, it was creepy in this room. Like I mean really creepy.

The hairs on the back of my neck stood on end and I felt as if I were being watched. Not through a camera, but by a person. And it felt as if they were everywhere. I looked back at the door to see that America had already gone down the hall and back to his states. I decided to walk back out too.

The things that I felt in my room, they're just from stress... right? Ghosts aren't real! Ghosts. Aren't. Real.

Hi. Hope you enjoyed. Now do you guys want to see next chapter Ukraine hanging out with Poland and Mini Poland, or Russia in his father's creepy childhood room?

Sleepover!!!!

(Ukraine pov)

We walked into Poland's house but decided not to come out of our human forms just to be sure that no one saw us. "So... what do we do now?" I asked, breaking a heavy silence that had fallen over us. Poland shrugged. "Stay here until the organizations figured out what to do I guess."

I pulled my lips into a thin line. "Well that doesn't mean we can't watch a movie or listen to music," East suggested. "Yeah, that could be fun," I said. "Dobra (All right). I'm gonna go cook some dinner," Poland said, clearly exhausted. "It's been a long day."

East and I stood in silence for a bit. "Why don't I show you where you'll be sleeping?" he asked. I nodded and we walked down a hall. "Poland didn't make this house very big since he always stay within 36 meters of me so we don't have a guest bedroom, so you'll have to stay in my room. Besides, I think we have an inflatable mattress somewhere." He paused for a moment and looked around.

"Here it is!" he said, holding up a deflated mattress. He set it on his bed and tried to move one of the bed stands, but was clearly struggling. "I'll help you with that," I offered, walking over. "It's... really... fine..." he stated in between grunts from trying to pull it. I pushed him away and picked up the small dresser with ease. I honestly can't tell weather I'm ridiculously strong or he has noodle arms (a/n: I don't know if anyone else does this, but noodle arms basically just means extremely weak to the point where you might need to be concerned).

He gets up off the floor and thanks me. I move it to a small empty corner and set it down. "Okay, this could take a while," he says, picking up the deflated mattress. "Do you think you could go to the living room and tell me when dad's done with dinner?"

"You sure you don't need help here?" I asked. He shook his head and

I walked into the living room. I pulled out my phone and my earbuds and put on "Carol of the Bells" on loop. A while later, one of my earbuds was pulled out. "What're you listening to?" East asks. "Carol of the Bells," I say flatly. He asked me if it's a Christmas song. "No, it's supposed to be for New Years, but most people consider it a Christmas song." He nods.

"Dinner's ready!" Poland shouted from the kitchen. I paused the song, took out my earbuds and went over to the table. Just like old times, Poland wouldn't let us even touch our meals until he said the blessing. But it's okay. Neither of us are in a hurry to eat anyway. Not to mention he always keeps it under 20 seconds, so it's not like we're waiting long. I guess he mostly keeps it short because he knows most countries aren't quite as religious as him (also maybe because he knows the pain of listening to Vatican say that 3 hour long blessing and yes, I was checking the time).

I used Carol of the Bells as the song Ukraine was listening to because it's actually a Ukrainian song. And another fun fact is that it only takes me 20 minutes to an hour to write a chapter (Idk why it's so fast), which is why I sometimes write like, 3 chapters in the same day.

The Letter

(Russia pov)

After talking with the states a little while longer, I head up to my dad's room. Just as I'm about to grab the handle, a hand grips my wrist and pulls it away. I turn to see Alaska. "Не ходи туда (Don't go in there)," she said. "Почему нет (Why not)?" I asked in return. She stared me directly in the eye as she said, "Это опасно (It's dangerous)."

Reading the confusion written on my face she said, "Эта комната населена призраками уже более века (That room has been haunted for over a century)." I rolled my eyes. I didn't believe in ghosts. Seeing this, she glared. "Поверьте мне, когда я говорю, что эта комната опасна. Я не рекомендую ночевать где-либо рядом с ним (Trust me when I say that room is dangerous. I wouldn't recommend spending the night anywhere near it)."

I ignored this comment and went into the room anyway. I'll admit it didn't exactly make me feel safe, but it's fine. I sat on the bed and suddenly the door slammed shut and the temperature randomly plummeted. A book suddenly flew across the room and directly at me. I managed to dodge it, but just barely. I looked at the book, which had opened to what looked like a bookmark with faded writing on it. I pick it up and suddenly the temperature goes back to normal.

As I observed the bookmark more closely, I noticed that it was actually a folded up letter. I unfolded it. It read:

Dear Dad,

I know it's been a while since we've spoken due to the ongoing war between our countries, but I hope that we get to speak more often. I haven't even visited Hawaii since the incident. I hope my older sister is doing okay. And make sure to tell Texas thank you for the new eyepatch. Being able to pull my hammer and sickle out has saved my life

multiple times.

Speaking of that eyepatch, I'm quite sorry about sneaking away from omeц when I was young and causing you to lose your other eye. I know it's a little late for a 'sorry', especially considering that it happened in what? 1910?

Anyway, I hope this letter finds you well. Спасибо за заботу обо мне. Can't wait to see you again!

-CCCP

Dad? My dad wrote this to America? When? My eyes looked up at the paper and eventually found the date. My heart wrenched.

15 Dec. 1991

Hi guys. Hope you enjoyed this chapter. I was bored so I decided to write yet another. Anyway, this is one of the only things Soviet wrote to America that wasn't just Soviet being a little piece of shit. Bye ig.

Well THAT Was Awkward

t/w: alcohol (mostly vodka)

(Ukraine pov)

After we ate, it was time to do sleepover things. Like, watch movies, pillow fights, and, you know, sleeping. "So, what do you guys want to drink?" Poland asked. "I dunno," I said. "You got any vodka here?" Poland sucked air in through his teeth. "I don't know... East's still a little young-"

"I'm 80!" East cuts off. Poland shrugs. "I still see that as a little young." I decided to stand up for East. "Well I'm only 2 years older, and you're gonna let me have some." He looked at me and rolled his eyes. "You're not my son."

My face lit up. "Holy fuck! Did you just call him your son?!" I shouted, a happy expression spread across my face. Poland didn't exactly openly call East his son often, so everyone gets excited every time he does. "Yeah, now shut up."

East continued to beg and I supported him. "Fine," Poland finally said, rolling his eyes. "But only 1 shot, do you hear me?" East nodded triumphantly. 1 shot was fine for his first time drinking, and we wouldn't be wasting anything if he didn't like it. "I'll go put on a movie," East says as he runs off.

I turn back to Poland. "So," I say. "Why are you really so reluctant to let East drink vodka?" I asked. "His family gets drunk pretty easily. Well, only with vodka. They can handle any other kind of alcoholic

drink just fine, it's just vodka that gets them tipsy after any more than 1 shot."

Well that explained a lot. I'd seen East drink beer quite a few times while Poland was around, so it explains why he's so reluctant now.

After he drank the shot, I noticed that East wasn't exactly sober. Sure, he wasn't bad drunk, but you could tell he drank recently. His words slurred just a bit, though it was barley noticeable.

"I'm sleepyy~" he said near the middle of the movie. That's when his head dropped onto my lap. Being a bit tipsy myself, I didn't care. That is, until I woke up the next morning...

Our faces were literally inches apart. I'd slumped over into a shrimp position last night and now I could feel East's breath on my cheek.

His eyes began to flutter, but snapped open when he saw how close we were. We kind of just stared at each other for about 5 seconds before he pushed my face away, and I pushed him off my lap. We started apologizing to each other and talking over each other. Then we stood in silence avoiding eye contact. East eventually nervously laughed and said, "Well THAT was probably the most awkward moment of my life." I did the same nervous laugh before everything went silent again.

Then Poland called, "HEY LOVEBIRDS! TIME FOR BREAKFAST!"

"We're SIBLINGS!" East called back. I looked at Poland and could tell that he didn't care. He was just still trying to get revenge on East for calling him "papa" once in public. I mean, sheesh. How long was he going to seek revenge for. Wait, who am I kidding, this is Poland.

Hello. I hope you enjoyed this chapter in all of its awkwardness for Ukraine and East.

Empty Eyelids and a Broken Heart

(Russia pov)

America walked in and asked, "So, Russia, how do you like the ro-"

I noticed that he'd locked eyes with the letter I was holding. "What are you doing with that?" he asked. I didn't say anything before he walked over and grabbed the paper from me. "You shouldn't be messing with this," he said. I couldn't see any expression on his face, mostly because of his sunglasses.

In the letter, it said that something caused him to lose his "other eye". Does that mean that he doesn't have any eyes? Damn that's creepy to think about...

"And that's why you shouldn't have read that letter!" he shouted. Forgot he could read my thoughts. "Why are you so protective of it?" I ask. "Because it's the last thing he ever sent to me!"

We stood there in silence. Well, other than America's labored breathing. Then, I noticed tears running down his face. I began to approach him, but then I noticed something red staining his tears: blood. "Holy shit..." I mumbled aloud. He took off his glasses to wipe his tears and for a second I saw the empty voids behind his eyelids.

I pulled back a bit. Now THAT was creepy.

He looked at me and sighed. "Sometimes I can't believe how much you look like your dad," he said. Then, he left.

I know this is a short chapter compared to the others, and I'm sorry about that.

Also, I'm thinking about making an art journal on Wattpad but I don't know if I should. Just tell me in the comments if you'd wanna see that, ig.

The Humans Come

(East pov)

Well how I woke up this morning was definitely awkward. But I guess it was my fault. Why did I do that? Why did I lay down on her lap last night? That was so weird! I don't care that I was drunk! I could've just leaned on her shoulder and that would've been less weird, but no! I had to sleep on her lap!

"So, East," Poland said, snapping me out of my internal rant. "How'd you like the vodka?"

"It was okay," I replied. That stuff sure did get me drunk fa st. I seriously don't know how Poland manages to drink 5 bottles without getting drunk.

Most of breakfast was just us sitting in awkward silence. Eventually, I just got up, cleaned my plate, and left. Ukraine followed suit.

Then, a knock came to the door.

We were all in our flag forms and instantly shifted into our human forms, knowing that they were likely humans looking for the hiding countryhumans. The knock came again.

"Proszę wyjść na jaw Chcemy, żebyś pomógł nam znaleźć countryhumans, którzy prawdopodobnie ukrywają się w swoich ludzkich formach (Come out. We wish for your help in finding the countryhumans who are likely hiding in their human forms)," a voice shouted from the door. Poland went to answer.

(Poland pov)

I cautiously opened the door, not wanting to seem suspicious. "Cześć (Hello)?" I said. They immediately pulled out several pictures. One of which was of Ukraine's human form. I assume the rest were of the other's human forms. "Jeśli zobaczysz którąś z tych

osób, powiedz o tym jak największej liczbie osób (If you see any of these people, tell as many people as possible)," they said. I nodded and they handed me the papers.

They stared at me for a while before asking for my name. I'm guessing because they don't think that countryhumans have alternate identities. Ha! We literally have our own fake birth certificates! "Antoni Kowalski," I answer nonchalantly. They nod, and leave me.

I close the door, turn around, and show East and Ukraine the papers. "They're looking for us. And I doubt that they're going to stop anytime soon."

Hello. Happy New Year's Eve people! Next chapter... we'll see. I was thinking about more Russia and America, but I've started to think otherwise. Idk. Hope you enjoyed.

FIRE

(Russia's POV)

The temperature in the room suddenly dropped. Not so low that I couldn't handle it, but cold enough to where I would notice. Then, a lightbulb in one of the lamps in the room exploded, sending sparks everywhere. The bed caught on fire first and I tried to run, but something grabbed my leg and pulled me down. The fire spread unnaturally quickly, and for some reason, only spread towards me. I tried to get back up, but the floor had suddenly became extremely slippery. I tried to scream, but the smoke was too thick already. I crawled to the door, swung it open, and stood up before slamming the door. I ran down the stairs without looking and bumped into Alaska.

"Alaska! Please, you must help!" I said. She looked at me and seemed to note the fear in my eyes. She and I ran into the hall and she opened the door. Everything was fine. There was no fire. There was no smoke. There was no exploded lightbulb. "I swear, it was on fire! Everything was on-"

"I believe you," she said. I looked at her. She was being completely serious. "Let's go tell my dad..." she said before we walked away. I was NOT going to stay in that room, not if my life depended on it. Who's it even haunted by? If it's been haunted for over a century, then it's definitely not my dad, so who could it be?

We approached my grandfather and he turned around. "It happened again, didn't it?" he asked. "Da."

Hello! Happy New Year to all my overseas readers (we've still got several hours till midnight here, lol). Bet I got all of my fellow pyromaniacs excited with the title, didn't I?

Blood and Ice

Year: 1906

(America pov)

Our family was staying at Alaska's house over the winter, which was honestly the most stupid decision I'd ever made. It's basically the equivalent of invading Russia in the winter. At least we have Arizona to be our fire. I mean, she's always on fire because that's her power. At least she's never cold. Unlike the rest of us. Well, Alaska isn't cold either, but she has ice powers. I'm also not cold, but that's due to my weak power being temperature immunity.

The wind howls outside our door and the windows shook violently.

Then, a piercing scream shattered the calmness that had settled over us. I shot up in my seat and ran for the door. "Alaska and Texas, block the door to make sure none of the young states follow! Virginia and Massachusetts, keep everyone calm!" And with that I ran out into the icy cold of the outdoors. This was one of the coldest winters here I'd ever seen.

Then, I saw a bear. What the fuck is a bear doing out here in the middle of winter, especially when it's this cold? Another piercing scream was heard, and it was coming from where the bear was. That bear was attacking some child, so I ran toward it like an idiot.

When I got close, I saw that whoever it was had red skin. I only knew one kid who had skin like that: Soviet. The bear brought its paw down on the child, claws outstretched. Another screech. Shit, I wish I'd brought my gun out here.

I ran at the bear and attempted to punch it, but my punch missed anywhere where the bear could have been hurt due to my shitty depth perception from not having an eye. All I saw was the bear turning to me and then black. But I was still conscious. That's when the sharp pain hit me. And there went my other eye.

Great, it's so cold that I can feel my blood freezing to my face, my son is being attacked by a bear, and now I have to fight said bear while blind. Just great.

I decided to use my powers to see through Soviet's eyes. Ugh, it's still just darkness. "Soviet!" I yelled. "You're gonna have to open your eyes for me!" I could hear him struggling, but it wasn't long before I could see myself and where the bear was at. I dodged another blow and threw a punch. Then another. And another. And several more before the bear started to back off. It was supposed to be hibernating anyway so that likely made it much more sluggish and easier to deal with.

Once I managed to chase off the bear, I ran over to Soviet and scooped him up into my arms. He was only 7 and unbelievably small, despite his adult height. I ran into the house to see everyone surprised to see us. I switched to see things from Alaska's perspective and what I saw horrified me. Soviet was missing an eye. He soon began to cry. Well, he had been before, but the tears were freezing to his face.

Luckily, he inherited my temperature immunity power, so I didn't have to worry about him having frostbite. But since there were no doctors in the area, we had to improvise. In the meantime, we gave him a makeshift eyepatch.

I began wearing sunglasses because I didn't see the use of wearing two eyepatches. Besides, we countryhumans can't get infections through our eyes. We adapted this trait because we used to lose at least one of our eyes so often.

The main question was, what was Soviet doing here? He was supposed to be with my husband, Russian Empire. So why wasn't he? Well, I guess the main thing is that he's safe. And I couldn't be more happy that he is.

Hi. So, first chapter of the new year. Happy 2025 everyone!

Siblings?

(Mini Poland pov)

Ukraine and I sat on the couch, comforting each other. The humans were looking for us. How long would it be until they were back? How long would it be before they realized we were here? Surely not long.

"Weird," I suddenly heard Ukraine say, snapping me out of my daze. "Your hair's fluffy near the roots, but perfectly straight everywhere else." I froze for a second. "Shit," Ukraine then said. "Sorry, I forgot you don't like people touching your hair."

"It's fine." I hadn't really been paying attention to how awkward a position we must be in for her. She didn't like physical touch and I was sitting on her lap. "I should move anyway," I said, standing up and sitting beside her instead.

"I guess I'm just a bit jumpy after the humans came," I said, placing my hands in my lap. "It'll be fine," Ukraine said. Though, I could hear the shake in her voice. She was scared, just like me. It was only then that I noticed her hands placed atop mine gently. She looked down shortly after me and jerked her hands away. "Sorry, that's just how I would always comfort my younger siblings," she explained.

I guess it was fine. I had seen her do that to some of her little siblings to comfort them after a bad dream they had, so it wasn't super weird.

A pillow thrashed down on my face out of nowhere. "Walka na poduszki (Pillow fight)!" Poland shouted. Ukraine grabbed one of the pillows on the couch and threw it at him. I managed to grab a pillow, but before I could hit anyone with it, Ukraine sent another pillow flying into my face. "Oh, it's on!"

Hi. Enjoy this wholesomeness because it's not gonna last long. Next chapter we're getting more sad backstory... probably.

Who Are They?

(Russia pov)

"So," I began, though my voice trembled. "Who is haunting my dad's room?" America looked at me, as if considering how to answer. "Мы не знаем (We don't know)," Alaska answered for him. "Surely you do," I pressed. "Surely, if this has happened so many times you would at least have some clue of who it is!" I searched my grandfather's eyes for any hint that he might know who it was. I guess I learned one thing from my mother, and that was reading people. I couldn't tell whether he was telling the truth or lying. How? I had perfected that years ago.

"Wondering how you can't tell what I'm thinking just by looking at me?" he asked. *It's not hard*, a voice rang in my head. "You know who it is, don't you?" I asked. He nodded, his expression unchanging. "Then who is it?" He didn't answer. He just stared at me. "Who is it?" I asked, this time with more force. I was about to ask again when he gave me a bone chilling glare.

I'd never seen him put on that expression. His expression was always either happy or neutral. Seeing him glare like this was weird. *Don't get involved in things you're not ready for*, his voice echoed in my head again. Why wasn't he speaking out loud. Alaska looked at me and shook her head, a scared expression on her face.

America had the third most powerful set of powers in all of history. I guessed he'd earned that title for more than just being able to read minds.

Of course, the second most powerful set of powers belonged to Poland. And first place... nobody knew. Well a few did, but those who knew never spoke of them. Their name had even been removed from every book that showed who was first place.

Either way, messing with America was a stupid decision, so I decided to back down. Why is it that just now all of these mysteries

were starting to come at me?

_____

More mysteries 'cause I love confusing you guys. Anyway, hope you enjoyed.

Baby of the Species

(Ukraine pov)

After the pillow fight, we were all exhausted. I won. I guess being physically the oldest does have its perks when you're still young. I was 19 physically, while Poland was only 16 physically. Of course, he could easily be mistaken for an adult, so it wasn't a problem when he would answer the door in his human form.

East is the baby though. He's both physically the youngest and actually the youngest person in the countryhumans species. He stopped aging at only 14. Honestly, the only way most people tell him and his twin brother apart is by looking at how old they both look. West stopped aging at exactly 18, so he looked much older. East was known as the baby of the species, a title he hated, but we all loved it.

"Well... time for dinner," Poland said as he walked to the kitchen. Before he could though, he got a phone call. He talked for about 30 seconds before hanging up and looking at us. "China is looking for a place to stay," he said, trying to suppress the annoyance in his tone. "Please, nobody likes her enough to let her stay with them for a second," I replied. Poland cleared his throat. Apparently I'd interrupted him. "Which is why UN is forcing someone to house her. I suggested America's house but UN saw my plan and said that we'd be housing her."

"What plan?" I asked. "I *was* going to send her to America's house because everyone there wants her dead and probably would kill her, but UN knows how much everyone there hates her."

"Anyway," he finally said after a long, tense, silence, "I'm gonna go make dinner."

I rested back on the couch. My eyes started to close until I finally went into a short nap.

When I woke up, I felt arms around my waist. I looked down to see East hugging me, also asleep. He gripped tighter and it seemed like he was having a bad dream. "And you two claim to not be lovebirds," a voice whispered in my ear. "Shut the fuck up, Poland," I said, not even turning to him. "You know I'm not going to." I rolled my eyes.

"Dinner's ready, by the way," he said before walking off.

I gently shook East. His eyes slowly fluttered open. Then he shot away, his eyes wide. "I'm so sorry! I shouldn't've done that-"

"Shut up. You were just acting like a child, which, nowadays is honestly really endearing. Anyway, dinner's ready," I said as I stood up.

We sat down at the dinner table, Admiral begging for some underneath us. I love that dog. He's adorable.

Wholesomeness. Such a rare thing in my books. Well, until recently. Anyway, hope you enjoyed and try to avoid getting set on fire to all my pyromaniacs.

The Most Powerful Countryhuman

(Russia pov)

Alaska and I walked through the house in silence. America could be surprisingly scary when he got mad. I kind of wanted to learn more about his power, and maybe even the powers of the most powerful countryhuman. If I remember correctly, he's one of the few people who know who they are.

"Никогда не зли моего отца, ты понял (Never make my father angry, do you understand)?" Alaska said out of the blue. I nodded. We stood in a tense silence. "Если вы не против, я спрошу, кто был самым сильным страной-человеком (If you don't mind me asking, who was the strongest countryhuman)?" I asked. "Я не знаю. Он умер до моего рождения (I don't know. He died before I was born)," she replied. "Только не спрашивай об этом моего отца (Just don't ask my father about it)."

So it was a sensitive subject for him. Interesting. But also, the fact that she definitely would have met the strongest countryhuman if she had been born...

Hm, maybe I'm just overthinking this. No. The way she said that with such confidence means that she's sure they would've met even if she didn't remember it. There are plenty of states older than her, and it's known that several of the states know who the strongest countryhuman was. So who were they? France, Mexico and Canada are the only living countryhumans who know about them other than America, so that narrows it down. (A/N: British Empire knew, it's just that he and the UK are two different people)

Now who were they and what were their powers?

Hi guys. Just want you to know that if I mess up anything in your language, feel free to comment on it. I'm using Google translate so I expect there to be several mistakes. Anyway, hope you enjoyed!

Germany's Aunt

A/N: This chapter features one of my OC's. I think you'll figure out who's child she is very quickly.

(Germany pov)

My aunt had just called me, telling me she was coming over. Great, her? She's a little too talkative for my taste. Okay, a LOT too talkative.

Then I hear a knock at my door. There she is. I walked over and opened the door. "Hallo!" she half shouted before going on a ramble about her trip over. "Hallo, Tante Österreichisch-Ungarisch-Deutsches Reich (Hello, Aunt Austro-Hungarian-German Empire)," I said, annoyance lacing every word. "Please, just call me AHGE!"

"Okay..."

She continues rambling before catching herself. "Oh, sorry, I always start rambling. Everyone says I got that from mama AHE! One time..." And there she goes again. How did my grandfather put up with my grandmother if she was also like this?

She's not a real country, so she has a lot of free time compared to other countryhumans. She wore two eyepatches, just like her mutter. The bottom stripe on her face was all red, the middle stripe was all white, and the top stripe was made of a black section, a red section, and a green section. It's fine. At least we're not talking about my great aunt that got disowned for being the child of 4 countries that, even as countryhumans, hated each other with all their hearts.

She catches herself rambling again and just says. "I better just shut up or else I'm gonna keep this going all night... like I always do... like this one time when-"

"SHUT UP!" I eventually screamed. She really wears your nerve

down after a while. She complies and sits on the couch, looking around my house as if she can see any of it. Well... at least she's not talking my ears off.

_____

Hello. I just wanna say thank you for all the support! I love writing these stories and I'm glad you guys like them too! As always, hope you enjoyed this chapter!

America's Secrets

(Russia pov)

I always knew that America could be quite secretive about well... everything, but I never expected him to hide so much. Of course, his powers that enabled him to read minds probably led to him learning things at a young age that he wasn't supposed to know. My telekinesis power could never do that.

I've also tried to research America's abilities, but still, not much came up other that he can see what others see and there's a theory that he could read your thoughts. Of course, I knew that theory is in fact, fact, but that goes to show just how little we knew about his powers.

Maybe I could ask one of his kids. Older than Alaska preferably. Then again, like I knew who was the oldest in this family. All I knew was that my dad was the youngest. Wait, in the letter from my dad, it mentioned other states. Hawaii and Texas. Maybe one of them was older than Alaska.

I ran down the stairs and looked for Hawaii first since the rooms were in alphabetical order. China had forced me to learn all alphabets for any language spoken by more than 1000 people, and at times such as these, I'm glad she did.

I found Hawaii's room and knocked. A small girl walked up. So small in fact that you wouldn't believe this was my father's older sister. "Aloha. You must be Russia! I've never met you in person, but yeah, Alaska's right, you look exactly like your dad, just with a different flag."

Did I really look that much like my dad. And even if I do, why does everyone keep mentioning it?

Back to business, Russia. "I have a question," I began, still unsure. "Are you older than Alaska?" The small girl burst out into laughter.

"No! I may be over 120 years old, but Alaska is still a good bit older!"

"Then is um..." I had to make sure I was pronouncing the name right so that I didn't seem like an idiot. "Texas, I believe is their name?" She nodded before saying, "Yeah! He was born in like 1812! He's adopted so he doesn't know too much about the family though..."

"Wait, how did you-"

"Word gets around around here and you think out loud a lot. By the way, you should really try to fix that in a family like ours."

"Fine, then who's the oldest child?"

"We have 13 of them."

I stared at her. "What?" she asked. "They're tridecalets!" When I continued to just stare at her with confusion she finally said, "All 13 of them were born at the same time."

"Oh. So who are they?"

"In order from oldest to youngest, though only separated by a few seconds, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia."

"Well I sure have my work cut out for me."

"I'd suggest talking to Virginia first. Also, she might be named Virginia, but don't you think for a second that she's a virgin."

Before I could inquire further, she shut the door.

Okay. I just need to find Virginia, then I can get answers.

"You're thinking out loud again!" Hawaii shouted from inside her room. How loudly am I thinking out loud? "Quite loudly, actually! You might need to get that checked out!"

Hi. Hope you enjoyed this chapter where we learned a little bit about some of the states (yes, Texas didn't come into the family until he was already an adult). Bye.

Unknown Brother

(Russia pov)

I walked down the hallway, looking for Virginia's room. My brain had switched back to the Cyrillic alphabet (A/N: if you didn't know, that's the alphabet used for Russian) though, so I was looking for a letter that looked like an upper case b in the Latin alphabet (A/N: the alphabet I'm using to write this). Of course, there aren't even any states or territories whose names start with "b" so after searching the entire corridor, I switched my brain back to the Latin alphabet and found her. I knocked and she opened the door almost instantly. It was as if she'd been waiting for me.

"Hi! Come on in!" she said, opening the door wide. I cautiously stepped inside. "So, what's this you wanna know about dad?" she asked as she shut the door. "I heard that he knew the most powerful countryhuman, but I didn't want to ask him myself because according to everyone else he's quite dangerous." My gaze drifted while I spoke, but once my eyes landed back on her face, I could see that she was terrified. How sensitive of a subject was this?

"Dad killed him."

"Who?"

"The most powerful countryhuman. Didn't even regret it. Didn't even seem to care that he was dead. Didn't even seem to care how much that man cared for us-" she broke out into tears. Holy shit. So they knew this guy on a personal level and America killed him. So who was this guy exactly? "You're thinking out loud again!" She said, sobbing. "Look, that man was like a second father to us, even let some of us live with him while we were going through a big argument. And then dad killed him. Dad killed his own brother in cold blood."

Why hello. Hope you enjoyed. Also, random question: what do I do with this random ushanka we have at my house despite the fact that it never gets cold here?

China's Arrival

(Ukraine pov)

East and I were curled up on the couch together, his head on my shoulder. He was fast asleep, which was honestly kind of adorable. Of course, every once in a while he would scoot closer, which I honestly didn't mind as much as I thought I would.

Then another knock came to the door, startling East awake and we hid on the other side of the couch were, if need be, we could escape quickly. Poland walked to the door and cautiously opened it. Then, we heard the voice and knew exactly who it was. "你好 (Hello)," the voice came. My mom. China. Great.

"Oh, it's you," we heard Poland say in a disappointed tone. Honestly, I would prefer it if the crazy people trying to kill us were here instead too.

Poland eventually let her in and she judged him on basically everything from the interior of his house to the way he closed the door. Since when was there a correct way to close the door? Especially considering he didn't even slam it.

I knew you should treat guests with respect, but that didn't mean that I didn't want to strangle her. She may have been my mother, but she left our entire family to starve because she was annoyed by how Russia's average dropped below a 100 one time! I hated that woman and so did everyone in my family for good reason.

Hi and hope you enjoyed.

My Regrets

Year: 1865

(America pov)

I managed to get behind my brother in the sea of rocks that had penetrated the ground. He turned around, but before he could react, I managed to pin him down and disable his powers.

"Fine. Ya won," he said angrily. I pulled out my gun and pointed it at his head. "Really? You're gonna kill me?" he asked. He laughed a bit. "What the hell did I ever do to you?"

I put my finger on the trigger, showing that I was serious. "Ha, ha, trying to save yourself. Well it's not going to work you damn bitch."

He laughed at my comment. Laughing in the face of death. Wow, he really is stupid to think I wouldn't pull the trigger after he took my kids from me.

"I'm not tryin' to save myself. I'm tryin' to save the kids from having to deal with, one: my death, and two: the fact that their father killed his own brother." I began to grip the gun tighter. "If you really don't believe me, go ahead. Kill me. Shoot me through the skull. Let your kids deal with the pain. Let yourself regret it for the rest of your life. Just remember: I'm not the one who'll have to live with the pain."

"Shut. Up," I told him, tears pouring down my face. "You can't do it," he taunted. "You can't kill your own bro-" I fired the gun. He collapsed onto the ground. My anger was still suffocating my other emotions. Once it cleared from my head, realization hit me. I just killed my own brother. I just KILLED my own brother. I JUST KILLED MY OWN BROTHER. I just killed my own brother, I just killed my own brother, I just killed my own brother I just killed my own brother I just killed my own brotherIjustkilledmyownbrotherijustkilledmyownbrother...

Tears were spilling down my face. I actually killed him. In a fit of rage, I killed him.

Virginia ran up as I noticed that the pillars of rock had gone back into the ground. My tears cleared out instantly as I saw her. She looked at me. Then the gun in my hand. Then her uncle. She began to cry and ran to the corpse. "Uncle Fed!" she shouted.

"YOU FUCKING KILLED HIM!" she shouted as she looked up at me. "WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!" I just stared. I could barely process what was happening, let alone answer.

That was the beginning of when my kids began leaving me. First it was Virginia, and the others soon followed. In the end, only Alaska, Hawaii, and Soviet ever lived with me after that incident, and it was only because none of them remember what I did because they weren't born.

I fucked up. I fucked up bad.

America trauma! Hope you enjoyed! Bye!

Siblings, but French

(Canada pov)

"So... sis," I said nervously as I spoke to France. "I'm getting to stay here, right?"

"Non," she said. "Je will not house you. You are older than me, so you should be able to take care of yourself." I rolled my eyes as she turned around to go look at her massive private library. "Well, fine I guess," I finally said. "Your people are probably going to pull a revolution and kill you because of your fancy house anyway."

"Oh, so we're bringing that up, are we?"

"Yes."

"Allez te faire foutre (Go fuck yourself)!"

"Uno carte inversée, salope (Uno reverse card, bitch)!" I said as I pulled an actual Uno reverse card out of my pocket. I knew that would come in handy.

She tackled me to the ground in a fit of rage. I threw her off and punched her but she bites.

A few minutes of fighting later, we were both beat up and bruised, so we decided to stop. "Fine, you can stay here," she finally said. "Yay!"

We sat in silence for a few more minutes and I noticed that I was a bit more aggressive around my sister than I was around other people. Okay, maybe a lot. But we're siblings. What more do you expect?

I just hope everyone else is doing okay...

(no one pov) (at America's house)

"California, get off me!"

"Guy's, I think the stove's on fire!"

"Florida, get your fucking gator out of the fucking kitchen!"

"Who stapled Russia to the ceiling?"

"Arizona's on fire again!"

"Alaska! Stop bringing polar bears into the house!"

(at Poland's house)

"Ukraine is planning to murder China again."

"That's a good passtime. Maybe I could help."

"No!"

"..."

"Not unless I can help too."

Hi guys. I'm going back to school tomorrow! That means I might not be able to post as often, but I'll still try to post once a day! Bye.

A Day in the Life of America's Family

(Alaska pov)

"Florida, Черт возьми (dammit)!" Someone shouted. I looked up to see Russia. He was stapled to the ceiling. Of course he was stapled to the ceiling. What did I expect? "Me arrepiento de nada (I regret nothing)," Florida replied calmly while petting his gator, which for some reason was in the kitchen.

"Держись, Россия (Hold on, Russia)," I said up to him. "Я тебя спущу. НАША (I'll get you down. NASHA)!" I called. Well, guess I can't blame Florida bringing dangerous animals into the house anymore. Nasha, my pet polar bear, came running into the house. "Можешь ли ты поднять меня, чтобы я мог спустить вниз своего племянника (Can you hoist me up so I can get my nephew down)?" I asked the bear. She got onto her hind paws and I began to climb.

Even with me standing on Nasha's shoulders while she's standing as tall as she could, I could barely reach the ceiling. This house was made by both America and Russian Empire after all. RE, my отец, was the tallest member of the Russian family by far. I was just as short compared to him as Russia is to me.

Once I managed to get Russia down, the next step was figuring out HOW THE FUCK HE GOT UP THERE.

"Alaska! Get your fucking bear out of the goddamn house!" Virginia yelled. I get that she's technically the oldest, even out of her tridecalet brothers and sisters, but she doesn't have to be so judgy. "Флориде разрешено оставить себе аллигатора (Florida is allowed to keep his gator)!" I retorted. "I just sent DC to deal with the ga— and he's getting eaten by it."

I looked over. Yep, DC was getting his leg bitten by an alligator. I bet that gator is going to be at the vet by a deadly sickness by next

week. That's DC's power. It's unintentional, but his powers cause anyone who hurts him to either die miserably or suffer for years.

"GUYS, ARIZONA'S ON FIRE AGAIN!" Arkansas screamed. Why was he always so loud? "Ona zawsze jest w ogniu (She's always on fire)!" I heard someone scream. Yep. Illinois. She's the only one that speaks Polish. "Aber die Küche ist aus Holz! Moment, warum machen wir diesen Ort nicht feuerfest (But the kitchen is made of wood! Wait, why don't we fireproof this place)?"

"You think I know?"

Before anyone knew it, we were arguing left and right. Then dad came in.

He looked at everything. The kitchen had caught on fire by now, Arizona was on fire, Florida was stapling Russia to the ceiling again, DC was being eaten by a gator, Nasha was casing Hawaii, Texas was in the process of throwing California, Ohio was swinging from a chandelier which I swear wasn't there five minutes ago, and Virginia's trying to strangle New York, who I don't even know when showed up. Our dad took a sip of his coffee, sighed, and said, "I'm not surprised, I'm disappointed." He paused, taking another sip of his coffee. "Eh, we need a new kitchen anyway."

Then he left.

Hi. Okay, I managed to get a chapter out (I honestly didn't think I would just because my internet went out). Hope you enjoyed!

A Normal Day at Poland's

(Poland pov)

I watched over the side of the couch at Ukraine and East falling asleep on each other. It's good East's finally getting a girl. I don't mean to be rude, but he's not exactly the type of guy you would see as lover material. Well, at least he's getting Ukraine and not someone shitty like China over there.

"What are you doing? Don't watch people sleep, you psycho!" she yelled. "Says the woman who left her kids and husband to starve when things got tough," I retorted. She rolled her eyes, but didn't argue.

I looked back at the adorable soon-to-be-couple. I don't get why they're so insistent on saying that they're like siblings to each other. I mean, sure they grew up together, but surely they can see the chemistry between them. Well, I guess it can sometimes be hard to tell if East is blushing since a slight tint of his old flag tends to appear on his face every once in a while, making it hard to see whether he's blushing or it's just his old flag randomly peaking through.

Either way, it's adorable that East doesn't even want to make eye contact long enough to tell that Ukraine's blushing so hard that I swear she's a fucking anime character.

Then China went on another one of her rants about how to take care of my antiques and how to put up my dishes, and etcetera. Why was she so annoying? Why couldn't she have just gotten caught on her way here and then, nobody would have to deal with her, but no. She has to stay with us.

Why couldn't she have stayed with India? India loves China! Well, India's friends with basically everyone, but still. She's the only one who doesn't hate China with all her heart, and is also the only country not planning to kill the bitch.

Speaking of killing China, UN will be sure that we don't kill her, and will not let us even attempt anything, but he never said anything about pranking. An ear-piercing screech came from the kitchen.

"POLAND! WHY THE FUCK DO YOU HAVE COBRAS UNDER THE SINK????"

And there it is.

_____

Hello everyone. We all want the bitch dead, but unfortunately, UN doesn't want that for some unknown reason (literally just because he doesn't want everyone in the second most populated country in the world to just randomly die, because if no countryhuman takes over the country, everyone in that country will just randomly die).

Quiet Homes and Tragic Backstories

Warning: this chapter contains hints of WWII, but I do not support any of the horrible atrocities of what happened done by ANY of the countries involved.

(Girl Japan POV)

I looked at my brother, whose foot was in a cast. He looked pitiful. If mom were to see him like this... well, it depends on which one. 母親 (Mother) would probably scold him for getting cut in the first place. Our other mom was affectionate and kind. Well, her twin brother wasn't. Mama was the sweet one in the entire family. FI was just someone trying to get more land, but was really stupid.

Mama though, she didn't approve of anything her twin did. I mean, to be fair he was committing genocide, then gouged out one of her eyes before pretending she tried to kill him to get her put in prison. (A/N: if two countryhumans are running the country together, then even attempting to kill them is seriously illegal and can even end in the death sentence), so she had her reasons. In the end, she actually did kill her twin and made it look like a suicide. Nobody ever saw her again after that. Maybe she died, maybe she's still out there. Who knows. I like to think the latter though.

"姉さん、包帯を替えなきゃ (Sis, my bandages need to be changed)!" my brother shouted from the other room. Well, sometimes he was kind of helpless, so I guess Mother wouldn't exactly be wrong for telling him to toughen up.

Hi. I'm thinking about doing a Q&A so feel free to leave any questions you have because I should be able to answer all of them since only like 3 of you comment.

Everything's Fine

(America pov)

I hung up with UN. WHAT THE FUCK WAS HE THINKING???????????

He was going to put every single country in the Northern hemisphere into my house. Was he stupid or something? I couldn't even name half those countries, let alone live with them!

I paced through the living room anxiously. Why did he suddenly decide that all of us had to be together? Why couldn't he have just let us be by ourselves?

Greece won't do anything, Italy... well he's the most autistic being I have ever fucking seen, UK, Romania, Serbia, and Poland are all menaces to society, France is the most annoying person I've ever met, with the Japans, staying away is actually better for them because let's just say Hawaii isn't quick to forgive, everyone except India hates China, we're putting all of my grandkids in the same house, Cuba's gonna be here, Bulgaria- wait, never mind, Bulgaria's chill, all the Nordic countries hate each other, my dad's gonna be here, Ireland's going to beat the shit out of UK, the Malphilindo trio is gonna be here (I know Indonesia is technically in both hemispheres, but UN didn't want to separate them for some unknown reason), and then my kids exist so it's going to be chaos. No, it's going to be more chaotic than chaos. My house is about to become the definition of hell.

But what can I do? He's the UN. He has the final say on everything. I just wish he wouldn't be so stupid at times...

_____

Hi! I actually put that all countries in the Northern Hemisphere would be staying there because I have a globe that for some unknown reason only has the northern hemisphere (like I

mean it's cut in half and I can't find the southern hemisphere). Also, if I didn't mention your country that's mostly just because that sentence was getting wayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy too long. Bye! :)

Father...

(America pov)

I heard a knock at the door, signaling that the first to arrive was here. I walked over to the door and as I opened it, I saw a familiar face. He was around my height and his blue-turquoise eyes stared into mine. His wavy platinum hair fell gracefully from his tophat. His finely tailored suit seemed to laugh at my sweat pants and hoodie. His face was stoic, though I could see a certain tension in his eyes.

"Hello, father," I said quietly. "Hello, my son," the English man said, trying to avoid eye contact. We hadn't spoken since the Treaty of Paris in 1783. 241 years since we last spoke. Really makes you question just how much you've changed.

"May I... come in?" he asked, almost as if he were scared. "S-sure."

We avoided eye contact. "I brought my own teabags. I don't wish to have you waist money on me and I drink quite a bit of tea," he said, testing the waters. "Okay," was all I said in response.

After a long silence, my father spoke up. "I know it's 33 years late but... I'm sorry for your loss. I know what it's like to lose a child." I didn't need context to know who he was talking about. His son, the British Empire, died in the late 1990's, almost 6 years after the death of Soviet. Now UK, Britain's son, handled the country.

Sure, I hated GB, but he was my brother...

Dammit, now my dad's gonna make me start crying.

"Shut up," I said finitely. "You don't get to talk about my son." My dad sat back in his chair. "We all grieve the loss of Soviet, but you need to move on at some point. My ex-husband died, but I didn't start falling into depression and working myself to death."

My fists clenched. "BECAUSE YOUR EX WAS SLEEPING WITH EVERY COUNTRY ON THE FUCKING BLOCK!" I shouted. Warm tears began to pour down my face. "I'm the reason they're both dead... I'm the reason my son is dead... If I had just got my people to listen..."

The English man pulled back, not knowing how to deal with my outburst. "It's not your fault. Even if you had joined the Great War sooner, your husband wouldn't be here. Even if you had tried harder to convince the humans, Soviet would still be gone. There's nothing you could've done-"

"YOU DON'T KNOW THAT!" tears continued pouring down my face, each tear larger than the last. I collapsed onto the ground, and England ran to comfort me.

Hello everyone. Please leave any questions you have in the comments because I can't really do a Q/A if I'm not answering anything (the entire reason this chapter isn't a Q/A is because I had no questions to answer).

Q/A (finally)

Okay, so at the time of me starting to write this, I have two questions, but one is going to take me so fucking long to answer, that it'll give me enough for a large chapter.

Q: @Hunterforl1f3s

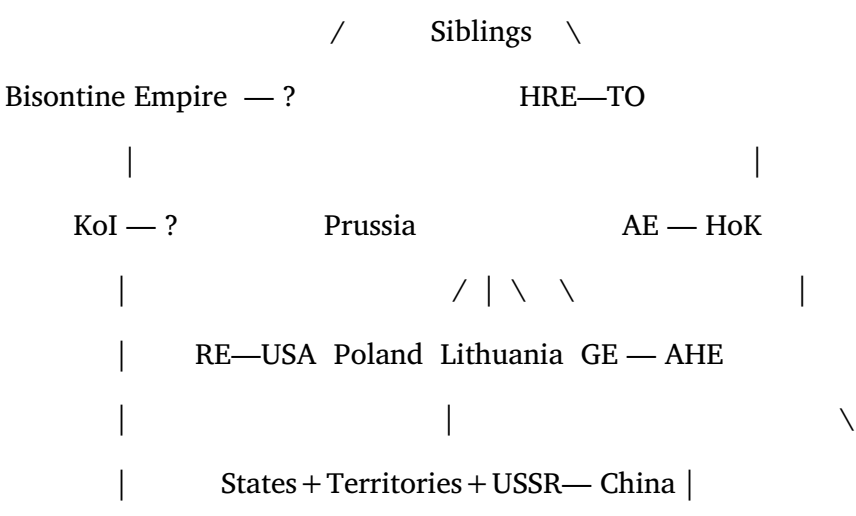
why you draw soo good?

A: ✧Practice✧

Q: @Madachiu

Sooo. Right, question: they're all just a big family, or what?

A: Well, kind of. It makes it really hard for me to ship two countries after a while. East Germany and Ukraine both have the same great-grandfather, Prussia. Ukraine is related to Prussia through America, because Prussia was England's ex-husband that slept with every country he could find. Hold up, I'm 'bout ta start ramblin'.



WR,Austria,Hungary

| |_____

Facist Italy — Imperial Japan — TR _____ | _____|

| |

Italy Japans East Germany West Germany |

|

Ukraine, Russia, Belarus, Kazakhstan, Georgia (the rest were kidnapped adults)

I hope this explained everything (this took a lot less time than expected). Also, Prussia r*ped PLC, so technically, Poland and Lithuania are his children (unfortunately for them). I was running out of ideas for who their other parent could be (all of my Polish readers, pls don't kill me).

I'm just gonna end it here because it took me over an hour to make that family tree.

Character Descriptions

America:

When he's at work he wears a suit, but at home he wears his famous NATO hoodie. When he had eyes, his left eye was dark blue and his right eye was blood red. The whites of his eyes were black and he had white, star-shaped pupils. Currently, he wears sunglasses, but when he takes off his sunglasses, there's an empty void, and you can actually see to his brain. His hair falls over to one side for the most part. He's a little over 2 meters tall. Has wings but basically never uses them.

In human form, he has blond hair and he used to have blue eyes, but he doesn't have eyes anymore.

Poland:

Wears a white button-up suit with slacks to work, but at home, he just wears that tan hoodie that's commonly seen in fanart. He has red eyes and wavy hair and is around 5 foot 6 (or around 168 centimeters). Can sometimes have wings, but mostly only shows them when he's angry because they're heavy af

His human form has blond hair and brown eyes.

Ukraine:

Sometimes wears a military uniform, other times wears a sports bra and yoga pants. Blue eyes and straight hair. Around 5 foot 9 (or 175 centimeters). Most muscular of the group and of course has her classic flower crown.

Human form has brown hair.

Canada:

Has somewhat long hair, though it's very wavy/curly so it's hard to tell. Wears an orange flannel shirt. He has red eyes and the classic

raccoon-skin hat. He's around 6 foot 5, or 196 centimeters.

Human form has green eyes and dirty blond hair.

UN:

Wavy hair, white button-up shirt, white wings, black whites of his eye, and blue irises. Like 10 feet tall (305 cm).

Doesn't have a human form.

Russia:

Mostly straight white hair, that dehydrated purple and white shirt that he has on in basically all fanart, ushanka, left eye is yellow, right eye is red, and about 6 foot 11 (or 211 centimeters).

Human form has blond hair and grey eyes.

East Germany/Mini Poland:

His hair is straight for the most part, but fluffy at the top, left eye is red, right eye is black, and white pupils, turquoise hoodie. Has wings, but just like the others, basically never uses them.

Human form has blond hair and blue eyes.

Japan (female and I'm not going to do a male one because Im lazy):

Keeps hair tied up in a bun, wears glasses with pink lenses (the lenses are actually pink because she's worn them since the 1940's and I think you can figure out what turned them pink from here), wears a kimono to work because she always dresses fancy to work, but most of the time wears a hoodie, has cat ears and a tail, red eyes, and white, cat-like pupils. She and her brother are around 5 foot 4 (or around 163 centimeters).

Human for has black hair and brown eyes.

China:

Short, somewhat wavy hair, yellow eyes, wears a red and gold

qipao, and is around 5 foot 9 (or 176 centimeters).

Human form has black hair and black eyes.

Fire.

_____

I literally just added fire at the end so that it would be 500 words exactly. I did not expect the character descriptions to be this long, but here we are. Enjoy.

Looks Like Everyone's Here

(Poland pov)

We finally got to America's house. Of course, China was a bitch the whole way there, as usual. Ukraine and East were acting like a couple but still denying it. I'm pretty sure that the house was in one piece when we left.

Now, why did UN want every country in the northern hemisphere in the same house? Surely he's not that stupid. If he is, I call never listening to him again.

I knocked on the door and was surprised when England came to it. "Hello, Poland! It's been a minute, hasn't it?" I nodded and walked in. A lot of countries were already here. Most of the ones that were here weren't exactly from across an ocean, so I guess that's how they got here faster.

"Weird," England said. "I figured she would be here by now." Who was he talking about? I'd say that everyone who would've gotten here before us was already here. Sensing my confusion, he decided to clarify. "My daughter" he said, worry etching his voice. He had a daughter? Wait, he did have a daughter. I remembered her from when America invited me over with Prussia. But she's long gone now. She had been for over 150 years.

She decided to portray herself as a man for the few years before her death so that people would listen to her. It explains why England didn't think it was his daughter. She was very feminine before.

"What's wrong?" he asked. So he really didn't know what happened to her. He didn't know she died. Then, the realization struck him... finally. "When..?" he asked.

_____

Hello, people. Poland's back and is going to come back to being

a big deal soon. So, enjoy that. Back to the void I go.

Ukraine's Gift

(Mini Poland pov)

I could hear England and America yelling at each other all the way from the living room, and I assumed that it had something to do with Fetti, whoever she was. Of course, Papa Poland didn't explain anything and was as secretive as usual.

I didn't even realize that I was leaning on Ukraine's arm until Poland said, "Uh huh? Yeah, just siblings. Sure." I sat up and avoided eye contact with either country. Eventually, I looked back up at Ukraine.

Then everything froze.

I was aware of what was happening, but I couldn't move. In fact, no one could. Everyone was frozen in place.

This was England's power. He rarely used it purposefully, so it's likely that he just got really mad at America. England was considered powerful for this reason: he could make someone pause in place, almost as if time has stopped for them, but clocks ticked on and their minds could comprehend everything. But when he activated it from being mad, it affected everyone within a 100 meter radius.

We were all able to move again and Poland, who had been halfway through a step, fell onto his face while screaming "FUCK!" quite loudly.

Nobody cared though. We were countryhumans. I was the only one of our species that has never committed murder. So are most of our species quite fucked up? Absolutely. Do we care? Absolutely not.

"Oh, you're here," I heard Ukraine's voice say sarcastically. I looked up to see Russia, as tall and slightly intimidating as ever. He looked

down at his sister before pulling a small box out of his pocket. It was wrapped terribly, and you could tell it was just a small piece of wrapping paper held on the surface by who knows how many pieces of tape. "Merry late Christmas," he said, tossing the box at her gently before walking away.

Wow. Maybe he wasn't a total dipshit like his mom. Then again, it could be anything inside that box. Maybe even something dangerous.

Ukraine opened it anyway. "'You're going to need these,'" she read off the card. The box was labeled "Fire-proof Half Gloves."

"Well that's the nicest thing I've ever seen him do," Poland commented. Ukraine nodded as she tried on the gloves. They fit her perfectly.

Hello. It's Monday, I've slept 4 hours, school exists, and nothing's on fire. Proof that Mondays will always be horrible but at least I'm passing.

England Being England

Idk what else to call this chapter, so sure.

(England pov)

I stood looking at my eldest son, anger burning in my eyes. "You should've told me what happened! I knew you had had a civil war, but I thought you guys made up! Not fought to the bloody death!" He just looked down for a while, angry, but also not. "I was doing it for my kids," he explained.

"Oh yeah, that worked real fucking well!" I shot back. "Didn't they all move away and some of them you haven't seen since that fateful day that they figured out that you killed your own sister? Hm?" He stared at me, obviously infuriated by my remark. I sighed. "America, at some point you'll have to realize that I'm not the only bad parent in this room."

When I looked at his expression, I could tell that he didn't exactly feel proud of what he did. "Just leave me," he said, fury lacing every word he spoke like tar being smeared across a pure white sheet of paper.

Once I got out into the living room, where all the other countries were, they all stared at me. Forgot about how I accidentally used my power during our argument.

I decided to look for one of his children. Preferably not Massachusetts. I just wanted to go to sleep and I wasn't sure where all of us would be staying. I'm probably going to end up sharing a room with multiple people. My son's house may be huge, but it was only made for his 68 kids, and one of those rooms was off limits because "reasons". Very specific when it comes to reasoning isn't he?

I recognized one person in the room that had come to a single world meeting back before we had the Meeting of the Nations. The world meetings were much more calm, if you ask me. This country

should have been dead years ago. So this is likely one of my grandchildren. I walked up to him.

"Hello, my name is England. I believe last time we met was 1845, when you were a country, right RoT?"

"It's just Texas now. Now whadduh ya want?"

(A/N: 90% of Texans actually sound like this when they're mildly annoyed)

"I was wondering, do you know what room I'd be staying in?"

"Knowin' dad, probably the basement. For one he hates you and two, 'bout half these countries gonna be down there too."

Of course I was going to be in the basement. I thanked Texas for his insight and left him alone. Though I was still pissed with my son.

Hi. Hope you enjoyed England and America being completely different yet exactly the same!

Are You Afraid of Ghosts?

(? pov)

I glanced around the living room that bustled with life. It was quite peaceful. Well, everything was on fire, but it's been worse.

I looked over and saw Texas talking to someone. Wait, did they call him RoT? He hasn't been called by his country name in over 150 years! Who was this who didn't know he'd been demoted to statehuman? Was that England? He hadn't been here in years.

Ugh, maybe I should've stalked America more. He's the only one who's ever noticed me because of his power. RE told me to stop being creepy. That bitch was such a hypocrite. He threw a book at his grandson and then tried to kill them.

Well, I think I heard that RE's grandson's strong power is telekinesis, so maybe he could also see me. It's a mental power and most people with mental powers can hear me.

I walked over to him. "Hello," I said casually to the tall tricolored country. No reaction. "Hello!" I said louder. Still nothing. Oh that's just great. The only person who can hear me is the man who killed me. RE's grandson sat down and put on headphones to listen to music. Perfect. One way everyone can hear me is through headphones as long as they're turned on.

"Hello," I said again, right next to the headphones. He jumped. He heard that alright. "Who's there?" he asked, his Russian accent almost thicker than his father's. Almost. I say this because his father's accent was so thick that it was easier to just speak Russian to him because you couldn't understand a damn word he said when he spoke English.

"A friend," I said. "Where are you?" he asked. "Beside you." His eyes widened. I laughed. "Aww, scared of a little ghost?" His face went white at my comment.

He cut off his headphones and walked across the room quickly.
How adorable. People really are little scaredy cats when it comes to ghosts nowadays.

_____

So, anyone wanna guess who ? is? Anyway, hope you enjoyed. Bye.

I Always Get the Last Laugh, Even in Death

(Russia POV)

I burst into the room half infuriated, half terrified. "Why didn't you tell me that the ghost could go outside my dad's room?!" I asked my grandfather. He looked at me, his eyelids widened in fear. "If you hear that voice again, you run, okay?" he asked almost frantically.

"Why?" I asked. His hands began to tremble. "Because if you thought the ghost in your dad's old room seemed dangerous... you could never handle this one..."

What was so dangerous about this particular ghost? I mean, with my previous encounter, it was clear that ghosts can be extremely dangerous, but why was he so afraid of this one?

(America POV)

I stared at my grandson. He really didn't understand just how powerful Fed was. "My dear brother," came a voice. Fed. "You're really gonna keep it hidden from him aren't you? You always have been the secretive countryhuman. Nobody even knows that your birthday isn't July 4th!" she let out a giggle. "Fetti, I don't have time for this," I thought to her. Another giggle, from everywhere. Sometimes she scares the shit out of me.

"America, you've been quiet for a long time," Russia commented. "Oh, sorry."

"Aww! Grandpa and Grandson bonding time! And he looks so much like his father! Is that why you keep him around?" my sister mocked. "Shut up," I thought to her. But, she may have been right about one thing: maybe I did only want Russia around because of his resemblance to his father.

"Oh, my dear brother, when will you learn?" I could almost see her shaking her head. "I'll always get the last laugh, even in death."

_____

Sorry for short chapter. Anyway, anyone wanna guess why America thinks that Fetti's so particularly dangerous?

Half Brother

Year: 1799

(Fetti pov)

I looked out across the port of Boston, still broken up about Georgie's death. I knew it'd been several weeks but he was one of my closest friends. Union was close with him too.

Well, only Union and I called him Georgie, along with his wife at times. Everyone else called him either General Washington or Mr. President. We're countryhumans though, we can do whatever we want. Including call some of the most important people in the world cute nicknames.

That's when I saw a strange ship pulling up. Was that... father's ex husband? Union and my biological second parent? I extended my wings and flew down. Union was already down there. "Did you invite him?" Union questioned. "No! I thought you did!"

Boots hitting hardwood could be heard. We looked up and there he was. His white, cat-like pupils glowed against the cloudy sky. "Hallo," he said in a sweet, almost innocent tone. My brother and I knew better though. He came down onto the docs with grace, but not alone. Beside him stood a young countryhuman. White covered the top half of his face and a light, muted red covered the bottom half. He looked only about 8 or 9 and looked terrified. It was likely his first time in a new country.

Father's ex husband, more commonly known as Prussia, seemed almost entirely unaware of the poor child's terror. "Meet your half brother," Prussia said calmly. "And what do you want us to do?" Union asked. Our Vater laughed. "Well, you see, I have quite a few meetings over the next few months, and I would love it if you would take care of him."

"So this is the result of the affair," I said. "Yeah," my brother said.

"Besides, my husband and I have 13 kids to take care of." Prussia shifted his gaze to me. "What about you? I know you don't have a child. He'll probably love having a moth-"

"Just cause I'm a girl don't mean I do well with kids!" I shouted. "Ever thought there might be a reason why you don't have grandchildren from me?"

He let out a low hum as he glanced away. "Well then," he said as he turned around. "I guess I'll just have to leave him alone in my country-"

"Fine," I said. Dammit, he knew how to break us.

Union and I had been left alone on Roanoke after they found that everyone had disappeared. We were only about our half brother's age when it happened.

"I'll take care of him."

The child was violently pushed over to me and only stared upward with horror in his eyes. I doubt he understood English and by the tones of our voices, he might have thought that we wanted him dead. I placed my hand on his shoulder and guided him to be even with me. "We've agreed to take care of your kid," Union said. "Now leave."

And so he did. I looked back down at the child. "Wie heisst du (What is your name)?" I asked the child. Their red eyes shown a little brighter, though they remained terrified. "P-Polska."

"Ich heisse Confederate, aber du kannst mich Fetti nennen (My name is Confederate, but you can call me Fetti)."

I began to walk away, but waved him over. "Kommen (Come)."

He followed and I took him over to my place. It was a small place, obviously not a place you would raise a family in. He looked around, possibly a bit shocked by the small size of the place. I knew Prussia had a huge house that was honestly a lot more like a castle than a house.

He seemed to like this smaller house though. He smiled for the first time and sat down on the couch.

_____

I hope you enjoyed this long ass chapter. Also, most of the German was translated by me, so unfortunately I can't blame google translate for mistakes (I'm learning on Duolingo, and am by no means fluent in any language other than English). Bye.

Word count: 663

1 Down, 194 To Go

(Japan (F) pov)

My brother and I took our planes to America's house. Sure, those planes are old and rusty and haven't been flown since the '40's, but they still worked... kind of.

Besides, getting on a plane wasn't exactly an option for us. My brother and I have cat ears that follow us into our human forms, and last time I checked, humans typically don't have cat ears.

Eventually, after nearly a whole day's flight, we got to America's house in Alaska. I get that it's early January, but holy shit was it cold. I looked down at my phone for the temperature. -30 degrees Celsius? You've got to be fucking kidding!

We went into the house and just as we opened the door, we were relieved to feel warm air on our faces.

I looked around, checking to see who was there. Looked like we were the last ones. Wait. Where was Vatican? I saw Italy and San Marino together, but no Vatican. My brother and I looked at each other before walking towards Italy and Marino. "Do you guys know where Vatican is?" I asked them. San Marino answered first. "He said he had to get a few things and told us to get on the plane without him, but he should've been here by now."

And that's when we heard it. The Alarm of Death. It hadn't been rung in over 33 years. The Alarm of Death signaled the death of a countryhuman, though, it wouldn't matter if the country stopped existing. Only that the one who was the embodiment of it was dead. The Alarm of Death could be heard all around the world. "Vatican has been found dead. I repeat. Vatican City has been found dead," shouted a voice from the speaker. It was NATO, and he sounded terrified.

"That's one down," I whispered to myself. "194 to go."

Hi. Just so you know, yes, these characters are close to aligned with the day this is written. For them, it's January 4th, if you were wondering. And yes, after over 20 chapters we're getting back to the main plot. Goodbye.

They're Coming

(Mini Poland pov)

My heart pounded in my chest so hard that the only reason I knew no one else could hear it was due to the blaring alarm. Vatican wasn't my best friend, especially since I'm one of the few people in my family that was never religious, but that doesn't mean that I'm not scared.

"Fathavaterotopadrepèojcibaba (like 7 different languages for father all smashed together)!" someone shouted as they slammed the doors open. Was that NATO? He rushed in, immediately running to America. "The humans have tracked your location! We all need to leave!"

"But Vatican was Just killed a few minutes ago!" America shouted back. "And that was all the way in Europe-"

"No! Vatican was on the road halfway to this house when he was killed! Everyone only has a couple hours to pack their things and get out!"

"No!" Alaska shouted. "If Vatican was halfway here between here and the nearest airport then we still have nearly 7 hours. Besides, Russia is just over that way!" she said, pointing out towards the sea. You could faintly see the outline of an island, but as I looked closer I could see that it was huge.

"Like Siberia could house all of you!" NATO shot back. I had personally never seen Siberia's house, but everyone always described it as little more than a kitchen, a couch, a bathroom, and a single closed off room for guests.

"Besides," America said, "It's far too cold out. Not to mention the sun's going down. Even Arizona's fire will go out in that cold."

I decided to step in as well. "Let's get packed up and brainstorm at

the same time. We don't want to just sit around here arguing until the humans find us. And like America said, it's cold as fuck out there. The humans will likely be greatly weakened by the time they reach us."

Everyone seemed to agree with that plan and went to go pack.

"I think I have a plan!" Philippines shouted. Everyone stopped what they were doing and looked at her. "It requires Antarctica though."

"I can teleport to him," Poland offered. Philippines nodded and said. "We could send Antarctica to slow down the humans. Of course we'd want Poland there too just to make sure Antarctica doesn't get injured." Antarctica's power was that he could bring down the temperature of everything he touched as far down as absolute zero. "Before you guys start thinking I'm just going to kill all the humans —" Philippines began— "I'm just going to have Antarctica freeze some parts of the car so that the humans can't go anywhere for a while."

America laughed. "And in this weather, it would take so long for everything to unfreeze that they would have to go back to get gas, and then it would take them another 9 hours to get all the way back here! Phil, you genius!"

NATO told us where Antarctica was and Poland teleported to get him. Maybe we really were going to survive this. And even if all of us don't make it through, some of us will.

_____

Hello everyone! More plot relevant stuff. 'Tis a rare occurrence, but you'll see more of these rare occurrences soon!

Also, it's another looooooooooong chapter.

Word count: 532

Where Now?

(Philippines pov)

I looked out across the room. I'd finished packing. Given, I hadn't packed much in the first place.

Poland and Antarctica walked in. I ran down to check on them and, once I got close, I noticed that their hair had been frozen stiff. How were they still so cold?

"Sorry Philippines," Antarctica said. "We had to kill them." I wasn't mad honestly. I knew they would probably get into a situation where they had no choice but to kill them. "It's okay," I said. "Are you okay, Poland?" I say, looking over Antarctica's shoulder. "I'm pretty sure I died for a second, but I'm fine." I nodded. Then I noticed Antarctica looking over, shock on his face. "You died for a second? How does that work?" Poland just smiled smugly and waved his hands in the air as he said, "mAGic."

America flew down and asked me, "Where to now?" That was a good question. "Maybe Antarctica's house," England suggested. "No fucking way," Antarctica shot back. "Why not? It has plenty of space."

I guessed it was because Antarctica was used to being alone with maybe one other country at his house for a few minutes at a time. He probably really doesn't like the idea of the entire Northern Hemisphere going into it.

"I hate to agree with my dad," America said, "but your place is our only hope. It's basically impossible to find, let alone get to. And we have Poland to teleport us."

"Huh?" Poland asked. He hadn't been paying attention. He was busy drinking hot chocolate and hugging his son (A/N: most of the world, including Philippines, doesn't know that Poland's son is East Germany). America spoke again. "Poland, you're going to teleport

everyone to Antarctica's house. I know you'll have to make a ton of trips but you need to do this, okay?" Poland nodded.

_____

Hi. Prepare for the next chapter (only chapter I actually planned out ahead of time). That's all I'm gonna say. Goodbye and thank you for 600 reads!

Snow of Air

(Poland pov)

As soon as I got to where the Southern Hemisphere countryhumans were stationed, sweat formed on my face. Why did they have to be in the Australian outback? It's literally summer over here! I got into the house and saw everyone except Australia and New Zealand surrounding Antarctica. The air did feel cooler over there. Wait, was he acting as an AC? Wow, now I'm wishing we had these in Europe (A/N: I just heard that most countries in Europe don't have air conditioners and the times I went there there weren't any, so this is just general).

"Hey, guys, I kind of need to borrow Antarctica for a moment," I said. They all looked at me. They apparently hadn't realized that I was there. "Sure," Antarctica said, standing up. Everyone begged him to stay. If I knew one thing about Antarctica, it was that he didn't like people. He happily accepted and we teleported away before everyone could tackle us. We got to America's house and we explained what we needed him to do.

He pulled off the backpack he was wearing and pulled out pieces of winter clothing made for sub-zero arctic temperatures. He put it on. "Let's go," he said, not even waiting for me to get anything warm on. I followed anyway though.

"I'm just going to teleport us to an area where I assume they may be close to," I said as I walked over to him, dressed in the warmest clothes in the house. He nodded. I grabbed his wrist and felt the ground below us shift until we were in a new area. Antarctica looked like he needed to throw up. Well, at least that was normal. You get used to teleporting after a while, but 2 is normally the limit for a first-timer.

We could barely see anything, but you could very clearly hear the sound of engines. Wherever those cars were, they were very close. Too close.

Then, a loud bang was heard as I felt a sharp, striking pain in my back. It disappeared just as quickly as it appeared. I'd almost forgotten what it was like to be shot. I pulled Antarctica into the forest and we ran without looking back.

"Kurwa..." I said under my breath.

"We need to get closer," Antarctica said. "What the fuck?!" I half shouted at him. "My powers only work when I can touch what I'm trying to cool down," he explained. "We need to get closer. Besides, it's not like bullets seem to affect you. I saw how you got shot."

"Just because I can't die from bullets doesn't mean you can't! And if I have to bring you back to life, I'll pass out!" He looked at me with calculating eyes. "You can bring people back to life? Is that why you once called your child East Germany?"

"Don't be getting any ideas! Let's just go before you get killed and I have to teleport your dead corpse home so that I don't pass out."

A long silence passed between us. "I have a plan, Antarctica said, stopping in his tacks. I ran back to him. "You need to step back and put this on," he told me, holding out an oxygen mask. I took it and he put one on. "What the hell are you going to do?" I asked, stepping back as instructed. He reached out his hand and I could see small ice crystals forming mid-air. It began to snow. It was freezing though. The kind of cold that would tear at your skin. I'd once been to Antarctica's house on a cold day in winter, but that was nothing compared to this. I closed my eyelids shut as it felt like my eyes were freezing over.

The air started to go back to normal temperature and I opened my eyes. That's when I could see that the humans were almost to us, but weren't moving. They began to thaw, but when they did they collapsed onto the ground. They were dead.

The snow started evaporating. Well, some of it. I took off my oxygen mask and realized I couldn't breathe. That snow was made of oxygen. I knew Antarctica was powerful, but I didn't think that he could do this. Air slowly started to come back to the area as the oxygen continued to evaporate.

"I know Philippines said not to kill them, but I felt it necessary," Antarctica mentioned. I nodded, but I was still terrified. "Let's go." I nodded again as he said it.

_____

Hello everyone. What is with me and long chapters now you ask? Idfk □. Good bye.

Word count: 764

Hunting Party

(? pov (this isn't Fetti like before, this is a different unknown character))

I rode my bike along the road, twisting and turning on the streets of Japan. I headed to a restaurant to get breakfast, as I always did at exactly 6 am. My hair was tied up into a ponytail and flew in the wind. I parked my bike, took off my helmet and walked into the restaurant. The waiter gave me what I wanted before I even asked. "どうして私のことをそんなによく知っているの (How do you you know me so well)?" I asked. "あなたは毎日来ます。そして、あなたのような人のことを忘れるのは難しいです (You come everyday. And it's hard to forget someone like you)," they replied.

I knew what they were referring to. I obviously wasn't from Japan. You couldn't even assume that my parents came here and I was born here because my accent was so thick. Some people would even say that my accent hindered my ability to speak Japanese. My blonde hair and big blue eyes weren't exactly traits that were common around here.

That's when the TV came on. It was saying how the countryhumans were being hunted. They even offered pictures of some human forms. They had been advertising this for nearly a week now, so I didn't pay much attention. Only Vatican had died, so I wasn't too worried about the others since Vatican's only power was that he could tell if your intentions were good or evil. It's not exactly a useful power when fighting. There was one thing I did listen to though. Every country was to send 3 people to find the countryhumans. I needed to be one of those people.

I paid and left to get home. Fuck the schedule! I just had to get home. I parked my bike and went in. I grabbed my phone off the table and called a friend of mine. "イツキ！今すぐこっちへ来なさい (Itsuki! Come over here right now)!" Itsuki was a friend from work and the only human who knew who I really was. Was he terrified of me? Well of course he was. Everyone would be scared of me if they

knew who I really was.

Knocking came to the door. Not only were we work partners, we were neighbors. I opened the door and he came in. After getting situated, he walked toward the basement since he already knew that's where I usually wanted to talk to him at. We walked in. I turned on the light and told him what I was going to do. "でも、なぜそんなことをしたいのですか？彼らを傷つけることになるのではないですか (But why would you want to do that? Wouldn't you be hurting *them*)?" he asked. I simply replied with "いいえ。彼らを傷つけないように私も一緒に行きます (No. I'm going with them so that they can't hurt them)."

"そもそもなぜ私に話しかける必要があったのか (Why did you need to talk to me anyway)?" Itsuki asked me. I smiled and said, "一人じゃなかったらよかったのに (Well I'd prefer it if I weren't alone)."

He gulped, obviously terrified, before reluctantly agreeing.

Why hello there dear reader! I can't wait to hear your theories of who ? is. Bye.

Random thought: what if Kai (author of RR) never checked his notifications? Imagine how long the number attached to the bell would be. Now actually bye.

Left in the Snow

(Poland pov)

I'd gotten everyone to Antarctica, but we were still a while away from the house. So we walked.

That is, until we were spotted by some human researchers. They didn't do anything for a while. They just stared. For a moment, I even had hope that they hadn't heard about how us countryhumans were being hunted. Then...

BANG!

A shot fired and just missed girl Japan's shoulder. Things went into all out havoc after that. Gunshots. Screaming. Blood. People being ripped apart.

I could see people being injured left and right. I'm sure I was hit several times but my healing powers act so fast that's it's a wonder if I ever notice anything.

After who knows how much fighting, I saw the humans run away. Not all of them were with the group though. A few were dead. I'm not sure which of us killed them as I was really just teleporting at random humans and attacking them, not paying attention to their faces.

From the looks of it, it didn't look like anyone from our side met their end. Several were injured though.

"We need to move," Antarctica said. "We're really close to their base and they'll outnumber us if all of them come." I nodded. We began to walk, but it wasn't long until I stopped in my tracks. There in the snow was the corpse of a single countryhuman. I knew who it was but I didn't want to believe that he was dead. So I bent down to check his pulse. There was none. He was dead. East was dead.

"It's fine," I thought to myself. "You've brought him back to life before, you can do it again."

But then we heard footsteps. The humans were coming back. Well over 100 of them this time. I attempted to pick him up, to bring him with us, but Antarctica pulled me away. "Just leave him. He's dead now. We need to save the people we still can!"

"Nie!" I yelled, feeling his wrist cracking as I grabbed it. He let me go, but someone else grabbed me. America. "Poland, I promise we'll come back for him later, but we can't take him with us," America said to me. I could see tears pricking in his eyes. He'd had a child die before. If anyone knew what I was going through, it was him. But I still didn't want to leave my son out here when I knew I could bring him back.

Then Alaska made a hole in the snow and threw East's corpse in there. She covered it up, using her power over ice and snow, and said, "He's buried so the humans won't find him. Now let's go!"

"Virginia! Grab him!" America shouted as I ripped myself from his grasp. Virginia grabbed my wrist and I attempted to teleport away, but it didn't work. Forgot Virginia's power was that other's powers don't affect her. And since my power makes me and everyone/ anything I'm touching teleport, my powers won't work as long as she's holding me.

I was dragged away, watching as the humans continued to look for us.

Once we got to Antarctica's house, I could no longer hold back the tears. I began crying my eyes out. He was dead and there was nothing I could do about it. Is this what everyone else feels like when someone dies? Helpless? Stupid? Like they could've changed the result?

Nobody seemed to want to be around me while I was crying. I guess my outburst before kind of scared them. Especially considering that Antarctica's wrist is now broken. It was fine. I liked being left alone while I cry. I don't know why, but it made me feel uncomfortable.

But at least America promised that we'd go back tomorrow to go get East. The humans will probably be searching for a while so it's better if we wait a while. I wish we could do it as soon as possible though. The only reason I can't go alone is because Alaska buried him in 10 feet of snow. Until I can go save him though, I might as well make myself useful. I'll heal up some of the worst of the wounds in the group and maybe even cook a little.

_____

Hi. Sorry for it being such a sad chapter. Back into the void I go.

Word count: 717

To Antarctica Together

(? pov)

Itsuki and I walked into the building for people who were interested in the job of hunting countryhumans. Not many showed up. It makes sense. It's well known information that countryhumans are extremely powerful and dangerous. Most of these people looked like they were far over confident, and there were only one or two in the room that looked like they would actually be able to get a spot.

Someone who works with the people who would be going came into the room and observed each of us. She was a woman, who appeared quite strict.

"カントリーヒューマンは非常に危険な種族です。彼らは非常に強力な力を持っているため、指を鳴らすだけであなたを殺す人もいます。それに耐えられないと思うなら、去ることをお勧めします (Countryhumans are a very dangerous species. Some of them have powers so powerful that they can kill you with a snap of their fingers. If you don't think you can handle that, I suggest you leave)," the woman told us.

I could tell that Itsuki was really nervous about this, but I continued to encourage him. Meanwhile, others left, realizing just how serious the situation was. Even one of the people who could've gotten the job left, leaving only three of us in the room.

"南極では多くのカントリーヒューマンが発見されています。まずはあなたがそこへ旅することになります (Countryhumans have been spotted in Antarctica. You will travel there first)," the woman told us.

We were all told to pack warm clothing and where to get on the plane that would head to Antarctica, where we would meet the other people from other countries sent to track down the countryhumans. I knew there would be well over 100 people there, but I was ready. I would kill the hunters off one by one, with help

from Itsuki to be my alibi. And if I see a countryhuman, I'll tell them where the humans are going to be.

Of course, if anyone finds out what I really am it'll be the end of the line for me. Itsuki might know, but I somewhat feel like he's only not telling anyone out of fear. Although, we have been in areas where everyone in the room was easily capable of killing me without causing him any injury so maybe not. I guess I just have trust issues ever since my brother... well... I don't want to talk about it.

_____

I promise next chapter we'll get back to what happened last chapter. Anyway, hope you enjoyed. Bye.

Secrets in the Snow

(Poland pov)

And so came the day when I would go get East. I was a little scared to say the least. I don't know why. Maybe it was because it's so close to a human base. Or maybe it was because I've never brought somebody back from the dead this long after they died. Not even myself.

"Poland! Are you ready to go?" Alaska asked, walking into my room. I nodded. We went outside and I was immediately hit by a gust of wind. "Can't we just teleport there?" I asked. "Нет," Alaska said firmly. "We need to make sure you know the way back." I agreed but I wanted to get to East as soon as possible. I just wanted to bring him back.

Eventually we did get to where he was buried and I got down, wanting to get to East too much to even wait for Alaska to use her powers. "Wait," America said. "If we help you bring back East, can you promise us one thing?" I looked up at him as if to ask what he was asking. "Would it be possible to bring back **my** son? Even just for a few minutes?"

I thought about it for a while. He's not even asking for his son to be brought back permanently. Even though I hated USSR, I guess I had to imagine what it felt like to lose a child and not being able to bring them back. So I agreed.

Alaska parted the snow using her powers and I immediately went in to find East's body practically untouched. "Snow is good at preserving things," Alaska said, slipping down into the hole with me. I tried to pick up East but his skin was like ice. Alaska ended up doing it for me and we climbed out of the hole in the snow.

Before I teleported us away, I saw a figure in the distance. A figure that was all too familiar. She had blonde hair and big blue eyes. I remembered well, unfortunately. She appeared human, but I knew

this was just a countryhuman in human form. But how? How was she even still alive? She should've died years ago.

"Poland," she greeted.

"TR."

_____

Big revelations this chapter. I go back to the void now.

Enemies Then, Enemies Now

(America pov)

TR and Poland were glaring at each other with such animosity that I swore I could see actual fire in their eyes. Well, Poland's glare was much more aggressive, almost similar to saying "Fuck you and I hope you have a slow and painful death within the next minute so I can watch it." Meanwhile, TR was just staring at him as if saying, "Stop fucking staring at me as if you're going to stab me if I break eye contact."

TR was the first to speak. "I didn't know you had a kid-"

"That's none of your fucking business."

The staring contest resumed, though TR began to back up as if to say, "Chill, I'm not gonna hurt him." Did she have the right to say that? No. Poland knows better than to trust her.

"Why are you hunting us anyway?" I asked. She appeared to be on the human's side by her own decision and she was known for not exactly being... well... you know.

She broke eye contact with Poland and gave me a death glare. "Believe it or not, I'm not."

"Why should we believe you?" Poland asked. She rolled her eyes and said something under her breath, though I couldn't really make out what. It sounded quite similar to, "Fairer Punkt (fair point)."

We all stood in silence, though it was not a calm silence. "Why would I hurt my kids?" TR eventually asked. "You haven't exactly been perfectly sane all your life," Poland said sarcastically.

I pulled at Poland's arm so that he would just teleport us away. We couldn't afford to stay any longer.

We all gathered up and TR quietly watched as we teleported away.

_____

Hello. Hope you enjoyed this chapter.

I used to think American stupidity was a joke. Then I heard some people at my school arguing that Germany, China, South Africa, and Russia were their own continents and I'm very concerned for their intelligence or lack there of.

LIFE!

(Mini Poland pov (he's back!))

I floated in what appeared to be an endless void. I had been there for well... I don't know how long. That is, until I felt myself falling.

Light filled my eyes as I gasped for breath. My body jolted upright and I saw Poland beside me, but he was breathing heavily as if he were about to pass out. He hugged me and began laughing and crying at the same time. His breathing was still very heavy though.

Ukraine came to hug me too. "What happened?" I asked, my voice hoarse. Poland slowly pulled back, still breathing heavily. "It doesn't matter as long as you're okay," he said. Everything he said was broken up by heavy panting.

He tried to stand, but his legs were very wobbly and he passed out. Ukraine managed to catch him before he hit the ground. "What's wrong?" I asked. "He'll be fine," America said.

Well no shit, Sherlock. He's Poland.

"But why did he pass out?" I asked, emphasizing each word. Everyone went silent. They didn't even want to make eye contact with me. That's when I began to piece things together. "What. Happened?" I asked, this time more forcefully.

Ukraine spoke up first. "You may or may not have been hit by a bullet... in the heart and head at the same time..."

Oh shit. I died, didn't I? I was actually dead. But for how long? Nobody seemed keen to talk about what happened so I decided not to press, but still.

East's back (but not without trauma because what's a character without trauma?). Hope you enjoyed. Goodbye.

Death of Those Who Deserved It

tw: this chapter contains a lot of things about WW2, but I do not support anything that the n*s did in any way and you shouldn't read this chapter if this is an uncomfortable topic for you**

(TR pov)

I stared out at the frozen wasteland. Poland had seemed more aggressive than usual after I asked about his child. I admit, I did expect him to hate me. Who wouldn't? I can tell whenever I've done something that others wouldn't approve of for moral reasons.

The only problem I had was why they were so willing to trust Weimar's side of the story. How I locked him up and tried to starve him or how I would shoot at him for doing anything he didn't like, or how I tried to kill him several times. That's what the damn bitch did to me. Weimar was the one who took control and decided that all those innocent people should die. Our personalities might as well have been swapped at birth. He was the crazy psychopath and I just a psychopath that didn't want everything to go to hell. But there is one thing that is only a rumor and few believe that is true about me: I killed Weimar. I made it look like a suicide and most believed that it truly was. Well, technically, they weren't wrong. My power was that I could touch someone and decide how they died. I wanted him to commit suicide, so he did. I don't regret it. Why should I? He tried to kill me, told everyone that I'd tried to kill him, went on a killing spree that not even a psychopath like myself would support in any way, locked me up, tortured me, and framed me for everything that he was responsible for.

Japanese Empire only got involved because her emperor wanted to. Yeah, that sure ended well for her. She and I had always been close though, and I was so excited when I found out that JE was pregnant with our child, or children as we learned later. They were a

wonderful set of twins that we named Japan and Japan-kun. They would come visit me in my cell, even when I told them not to.

Eventually, I learned that JE was pregnant with two more. This time, they'd be for the future of my people. The country had just surrendered, so they would soon get to take care of the land. But my brother, still obsessed with power, wanted to kill them. So I made sure he died before he got the chance. I went to Japan to go check on them, and was terrified when I heard the ship they were on had been captured by the allies. My eldest son and daughter, both 28 at the time, were also scared for their siblings.

Then one day, tragedy struck our family. JE decided to go Hiroshima to shop. She promised that she'd be right back. But that day never came...

I understand why America did it, and it's not like he knew that JE would be in Hiroshima on that exact day. At least, I doubted he did.

Of course, that's just what it was like from my point of view. Eventually, I just disappeared from the countryhumans world. It's not like anyone wanted me there anyway.

_____

So, yeah, that's basically what happened in my AU. Weimar was the one that went insane, and just because a countryhuman represents a country, that by no means makes them agree with everything their country does. In fact, most of what happened in the WWs in my AU is just humans deciding to ignore their countryhumans. Basically, Weimar was evil, and TR basically has the personality that most people give to Weimar. I do not support anything that happened in WW2 and I understand that horrible atrocities were committed on both sides, and especially on the side of all of the axis countries.

Mama?

(Japan (F) pov)

this is a few hours after Mini Poland came back

I was so happy to see that East was okay. It was great to know that he was going to be okay. But at the same time, Poland seemed like he was being quite defensive when he first walked in. I wanted to ask him about it. I hadn't seen him seem so on edge for a long time.

I slowly approached and he noticed me. Rather quickly in fact. He really was on edge. "Are you okay?" I asked. He bit his lip and looked away for a while. "She's back," he said. "Who?" I presses. "The psycho."

Well that sure narrowed it down. It's not like we're all insane. If you didn't realize this, that was sarcasm. "That narrows it down to literally every single female countryhuman," I told him.

He looked back at me and I could tell that whoever it was really put him on edge. Who had ever done that? Not many people. Maybe it was a countryhuman that was supposed to be dead and he never brought them back. That would probably put him on edge. No. This was more than simple discomfort. He was a little scared. My mama maybe? Her body never was found and she didn't go with my 母親 (mother) to Hiroshima on that fateful day. She kind of just disappeared.

I looked back. Poland had walked away. I decided to talk to America. He had been there too.

He looked over to me before I'd even turned to talk to him. "Yes, it was," he said. I hate it when he just randomly reads my mind. It's creepy and honestly feels like an invasion of privacy. "Sorry," he said. "But yes, it was her," he admitted. "My mama?" I asked, just to be clear that that's what he was referring to. He nodded.

I tried my best to look uncomfortable, but to be fair, she was my mama. Not to mention, she was much nicer than my 母親. Everything anyone had heard about her were just lies anyway. I wished I could see her again, but I bet no one would let me go out after hearing that my mama was alive, nor anyone else.

_____

Hope you enjoyed this chapter. Also, I have recently come to the conclusion that putting hand sanitizer on a paper cut should be considered a form of torture. Goodbye my dear readers an until tomorrow (or may be I'll post sooner than that, we'll see)!

Polska's New Friend

(Year: 1799 (sequel to Half-Brother))

(Fetti pov)

Polska had settled in quite nicely. He also seemed to like red flowers. So, I would often put some roses in the vase on the nightstand next to his bed. He seemed a lot more happy now than when he first got here. I mean, I knew Prussia wasn't the best dad, but how did he fucking manage to set the bar so low that I could go above it? I would literally leave this kid alone for days at a time with my only instructions being to try not to die. Most of the time, the house would look better than when I left.

Once, I scared the poor kid after I came in. It had been a long few days and I could NOT handle parenting in that mood. I calmly told him to just go to his room because I was ready to break something. Of course, I didn't tell him the reason. For a second he seemed fine with it, but then he started having a panic attack. After a few times with me coming in after a few days away absolutely pissed and asking him to leave the room, I noticed that it was obviously something that triggered bad memories. I managed to get out of him that Prussia had something to do with it. Whatever it was, he didn't seem keen on talking about it. Well, that is until a couple years after Prussia left him with me and was going to come pick him up.

"Lass nicht zu, dass er mich zurücknimmt! Bitte (Don't let him take me back! Please)!" he shouted. I tried to explain that he needed to go back and that it wasn't my decision, but he kept persisting. "Warum hast du solche Angst (Why are you so afraid)?" I asked. "Er hat meinen Ojciec getötet (He killed my father)!" Polska shouted.

He began to recount the tale of how his father had told him to leave the room once after walking in upset. That explained his weird reactions. Then, three countryhumans came in and spotted him. One of them even stabbed him repeatedly, poor kid. Then, his

father was brutally murdered. Right in front of him. He and his sister tried to escape, but were captured by the countries, one of them being Prussia.

Unfortunately, it didn't seem like Prussia was just going to let me take full custody of Polska, and he made that clear multiple times during our conversation about him going back. Before he was dragged back onto the ship by a somewhat angry Prussia, he hugged me and said that he hoped to see me again soon. It was really cute, but I still wasn't having kids of my own.

_____

Hello everyone! I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

Also, I don't know what to do next because there are too many options. Just put in the comments what you would want to see expanded on next chapter ig.

Word count: 494

Phase of Indecisiveness

Year: 1912

(America pov)

I was cooking in the kitchen. It was a peaceful day and RE had sent Soviet to live with me for a couple months. Of course, they were going through the phase that almost all countryhumans go through: deciding what gender they're going to be as an adult when they get their country. And Soviet was trying out being a girl. Well, she has been for several months but she still acts like an annoying teenager and I honestly think she got her personality from my sister, Fetti.

Speaking of Soviet, she walked in. She had started growing out her hair and by now it reached her shoulders. "Привет, dad," she said as she walked in. I smiled at her, but she didn't return the grin. She never liked me much. I mean, she still preferred me to RE, which I will never understand why all my kids are like that, but that isn't saying a lot.

Either way, she looked at me as if expecting something. "What is it?" I asked after an uncomfortably long silence. "Why is your country always referred to as a woman in history books and stuff? You said that you never went through the whole 'deciding what gender you're going to be phase'." Now this story was kind of complicated. For most countries, the main reason their people consider them a certain gender is typically because of the gender of their first version. Like Russia is considered a female country because Tsardom of Russia was a woman and Germany is always considered a male country because Prussia was a man. For me, I was the first version of my country, meaning that I should've gotten to choose the gender, but that wasn't the case.

Since Fetti and I both represented the country for a while, the humans had to decide which one would be better for representing our country. They looked at who was the strongest in the revolution and my sister won by a mile. She was so much more powerful than

me when it came to offense that the rest of the army might as well have been useless. Matter and temperature manipulation were an extremely dangerous mix after all. So the founding fathers of my country decided that we should consider the country a girl. I explained this to Soviet who apparently didn't know that I had a sister. So I had to explain the whole Civil War thing to her.

So she really hadn't been paying attention in that history class that RE and I had been giving her for years. We still didn't know whose country she was going to belong to so we emphasized both our histories where I specifically explained the Civil War for over the span of over a week.

She looked at me and must've realized that I knew she didn't pay attention in history and that I was going to start her back a few years. "Blyat..."

_____

Hope you enjoyed! Hold up, gotta make this exactly 500 words.

Found

(Poland pov)

It had been about a week since we got here. Everyone was going about our daily chores and we Had settled into our daily lives. Germany made everyone coffee and England made tea. I was mostly just there in case anyone got hurt. The Japans were teaching some of the younger countries how to defend themselves in case the humans found us.

Warning: the 4th wall is about to be destroyed

Of course, we all felt like this probably wouldn't happen, but you've seen the title of this chapter.

Anyway, I was talking with America about the incident with TR. "I don't know," he said, his voice unsteady. "She seemed honest about not wanting to hurt us." I rolled my eyes. Given, I never talked to her much and the few times I did, she accidentally dropped the keys to my cell right onto my lap. At least, I assumed it was an accident. Why would she help me on purpose anyway?

We continued to talk for a bit. That is, until we heard banging on the hatch that led inside. "Come out, countryhumans!" screamed a voice from the outside. The humans had found us. But how? You know what? It doesn't matter. They were here.

The door was thrown open and for a second we all just stared at each other. The humans were scared of us and we were scared of the humans. Nobody wanted to start the fight.

We just stood there, staring. That is, until 12 of the humans suddenly all collapsed to the ground with a heart attack at the same time. We all froze in horror. There was only one way this could've happened: the only countryhuman who had the ability to do that was there.

I looked closer and I saw her. In the flood of all those humans was a single person smiling at the deaths while everyone else just stared in horror. TR.

_____

Hello everyone! Sorry this chapter came out a little later than usual, but today was a busy day. Anyway, hope you enjoyed! Bye my lovely readers!

She's Back?!

(Russia pov)

I looked out over the group of humans. How had three of them dropped dead with no warning. Oh, of course, a heart attack. But why did they all have one at the exact same time? That's not normal. They were all pretty young to be having heart attacks too. A little too young to make any sense.

I walked up a little closer to the group of humans who were all staring in horror at their dead comrades.

Among them, I could see a somewhat familiar face, but I don't remember where I ever saw it. Why did she look so much like the Japans? Well, kind of. Their features were pretty similar, but the Japans had much darker hair and eyes, but they still looked almost related. That's when I knew who that was. That was TR.

I had seen her at a couple of the meetings early in the Second World War. Most of the time, her brother, Weimar, did the talking, but I never thought much of it. Given, I was quite young at the time, but I do still find it weird that if she spoke during a meeting, afterwards I would see her cut and bruised. Once, she was whispering something to her brother a little too loudly for her to be trying to keep it a secret. It was about when they were planning to stab us in the back, but unfortunately, my father couldn't fucking hear and he wouldn't listen to me when I tried to tell him what they were planning. I'd heard her whisper before though, and that was a lot louder than usual. To this day, I find it weird how she seemed to be telling us what they were planning and trying to help us against her own country.

I decided to not dwell on that though. TR was back and ready to kill.

_____

Hope you enjoyed! I also have very few ideas left on how to continue this. Pls just tell me what you'd like to see next chapter in the comments.

When They Were Young

Year: 1597

(England pov)

I looked at my son and daughter. They were beautiful children. They were both already fluent in 7 different languages, not including German or English, and yet, they weren't even 11. They were definitely quite smart. Although, smart countryhumans typically have stupid people.

Oh, I'm sure it won't happen to them.

I named them North and South because those were the two names that first popped into my head... Well that's totally not foreshadowing of a future civil war.

They now even have cute nicknames for each other. Union and Confederate. It took me forever to figure out what they were talking about when they said their nicknames for one another, especially considering how they were speaking in some weird mix of Russian, German, French, Spanish, and Polish, but I eventually figured it out.

Both were such bundles of joy. It was annoying, but they didn't bother me a lot so it was fine. For the most part, they were quite obedient children, so I didn't have to mess with them either.

The only problem in my life right now is Prussia, my husband, soon to be ex-husband. He had been cheating on me. Well, that's not the problem. We're not in a very close marriage and we've both cheated on each other with the other knowing and neither of us cared. The problem was that he r@ped this man. The same man that taught the children Polish. I'd grown quite fond of him. He was also the first man I'd ever had a platonic relationship with.

I'd already gotten the divorce papers and signed them. I just needed

him to sign them and it would be done. Well, hopefully.

———

Hello! Hope you enjoyed everyone! I'm running out of ideas. I'm forgetting all the major plot lines that must be continued. Pls, if you can... give ideas. I don't want this ending like Prussia's Golden Child.

Reuniting

(Germany pov)

The humans all glanced over at one of them who was smiling broadly at the corpses. I felt like I'd seen her before. Maybe in pictures?

I don't know though...

I backed up towards my sister, Japan. "Who is she?" I asked, pointing to the woman. Japan hadn't been paying attention, but when she looked over to where I was pointing, her face lit up. The woman looked away from the corpses and just happened to lock eyes with Japan. She gave a quick, but loving, smile, before turning back around to face the humans.

12 more dropped dead.

That woman was doing it, wasn't she? But only countryhumans have powers. So this was a countryhuman, but I've never seen her. Not in real life at least.

The woman walked out in front of the countryhumans and turned to the humans. "イツキ、こっちに来て (Itsuki, come here)," she said to one of the humans. One of them ran behind her. She appeared to have a thick accent to the point where it was hard to tell what she was saying. Was that a German accent? She swapped to English, but her German accent was so thick that half of what she was saying was in German. "Die rest off du humans should go. Ich don't vant to hurt du," she said. The last sentence was said in a tone with so much malice that it sent shivers down my spine.

The humans ran out quickly, pushing each other out of the way trying to escape as fast as possible. The woman turned around to look at both the Japans. She ran to hug both of them and they gladly expected the hug. I was about to ask again who she was, but then my sister said, "I'm glad you're back *mama*."

Hello everyone. Sorry this is a little later of a chapter than usual, but my family made me eat with them and do chores as soon as I started working on this at like, 5:40 (I wrote all of this in a 20 minute timespan altogether and it's 8 pm).

My Addiction

WARNING: cannibalism

Year: 1865

(America pov)

I looked down at my dead sist- brother. Virginia had left after screaming at me and telling me that she never should have loved me.

It was just me and my brother's corpse. The metallic scent of blood drifted into my nose. It smelled so good. Shut up, brain. I got over that a long time ago. At least, I think I did. The metallic scent continued to fill my lungs. I needed it.

I pulled my knife out of the hitch. No. I don't need to do this. But I want to. I stabbed the knife into his arm and cut deep. All the way down to the bone. I cut more. I should stop. I'd just gotten over it. But I wanted it so much. One little bite couldn't hurt, right? I cut off a sliver of his arm and picked it up. Blood fell from the wound gently since his heart wasn't beating to keep the blood flowing. I held the muscle up to my mouth. I should stop. I had just gotten over this. But it smelled so good! I bit into it and the flavor of pork filled my mouth.

I continued to cut off pieces of flesh and ate them. It was delicious. Why was it so addictive? It had taken me years to resist before and I'd started with it again.

"Америка!" I heard someone shout from across the field. Russian Empire? What was he doing here? He saw me and the blood staining my face. Instead of horror crossing his face, he seemed more disappointed. "Милая (darling)," he said, bending down to my level. "We talked about this."

I wiped some of the blood off my face and continued to stare at

him. He took my hand and tried to pull me up off the ground. My legs had fallen asleep. How long had I been sitting there, eating my brother?

RE picked me up bridal style and I looked down at my brother. Or at least, what was left of him. Almost his entire left side was stripped of flesh. But I still needed more. "M-more..." I said. Blood still fell from my mouth. I accidentally dropped my knife. "Нет," he replied.

(RE pov)

My husband's eyes, normally so full of determination or love, were blankly staring at me. His pupils were heavily dilated as if he were some sort of animal hunting prey.

I thought he'd gotten over this. He hadn't eaten anyone in years. But I guess I was wrong. "Come on, Милая. Let's get you home." I turned around, but as I began to walk away, he wriggled in my arms. "I want... *need* more..." I shushed him, but he wouldn't stop.

So I spread my wings and flew upwards. If I'm lucky, the altitude might cause him to pass out. He was already suffering from a lot of blood loss, so he might pass out before we got too high. I flew higher and higher, and soon, he passed out. I hated doing this to him, but if he were conscious much longer, then he might've started eating me next. He'd almost done it once before when he hadn't eaten in too long. I couldn't risk it happening again.

I got to the nearest town to find a doctor for him. The doctor gladly excepted to help their country. My work here was technically done, but I wanted to make sure he was okay when he woke up. "Я тебя люблю (I love you)," I whispered into his ear as I began to fall asleep watching him. I eventually drifted off.

_____

Hello people! It's midnight and I felt like mentioning that yes, there are a couple countryhumans that are cannibals. America is one of them, but USSR is the other. Just random information. Well, back into the void I go!

Word count: 636

M-M-MOM?!

(Germany pov)

Wait, hold up, MOM?! That woman was our mom? But they both died over a century ago! Worse though, by the accent, she was none other than TR. Nobody had ever found her body, but we just decided that she decentigrated alone. And why were the Japans so happy to see her?

She backed out of the hug with her eldest children and looked at me. Japan-kun pulled me over gently and TR looked at me, her gaze calculating. I was paralyzed with fear. "Westdeutschland?" she said, her face softening. I nodded and began to step back. Before I could noticeably pull back, she hugged me.

What I hadn't noticed before is that she was much taller than me. Given, I'm extremely short so she's only about, well, not even 1 and a half meters. She stood up fully and my feet were pulled off the ground. She soon set me back down and looked over at East. It was just a quick glance, but it was definitely enough to piss Poland off.

He stood right behind East and glared at TR like he wanted to rip out her heart with his bear hands. I don't doubt he did want to.

"Relax, Polen," she said. "Ich am not going to hurt your child."

Wait, she didn't know that was East? Well, I guess not many people did, but still.

She looked back at me. "I'm so happy to zee how much du've grown. Vell, I never met du, but Ich hope to talk more zoon!" I just stared at her, terrified. I'd heard many stories about her from just about everyone. But none of those stories were good.

Why was her accent so much thicker than mine, though? I'm the embodiment of Germany, so I should have a very thick accent. Not even East had an accent that thick. Maybe it was just that I had

been raised by America in America and East had been raised with USSR and his children, plus a bunch of kidnapped adults, so that's likely why neither of us had a very thick accent.

_____

Hello people. Please help, I am running out of ideas. Literally just putting in random facts could help me (it does help though and I don't know why). To the void with me!

And It's a Family Thing Now

Year: 1911

(Soviet pov)

I was at my dad's house. He was busy discussing random countryhuman things. He says that eventually, I'll have to do it, but I probably won't. Humans have been doing their own thing more and more, so by the time I'm an adult, it's likely they'll ignore us completely.

I heard the door open and in came my dad, America. "Hi, Soviet," he said, hanging his coat on the rack. "How was your day?"

"Не ваше дело (None of your business)," I answered. He sighed and walked out of the room. I don't know why I never liked him much. To be fair, I didn't much like my отец either.

I started to get hungry so I went into the kitchen to look for something. There was barely anything. Well, except for a little bowl labeled "DO NOT EAT" in somewhat messy handwriting. Dad's. It's probably fine. I saw dad eating at it this morning, and even if it has a bit of alcohol, my отец gives me vodka on the daily and I've gotten a pretty high tolerance.

I peeled back the seal over the bowl. It was filled with some kind of meat that smelled somewhere between chicken and pork. It smelled good enough though, so I ate it. It tasted quite similar to pork, but not quite. I wonder what it was.

Then dad walked in. He didn't pay much attention at first, but the moment he saw what I was eating, he froze. After the silence stretched for what felt like a century, he asked, "Soviet... how much of that did you eat..?" He sounded concerned. My hand that was holding the fork began to shake a bit as I answered, "A few bites." Another silence. "Why?" I asked. He inhaled and for a moment, I didn't think he would answer. "Because that is human flesh."

My eyes widened. Countryhuman DNA was similar enough to a humans that eating a human was literally cannibalism. But dad was also eating it so did that mean..? No no, нет нет нет нет нет...

_____

Hello everyone. So now you know how Soviet became a cannibal. I'm going back to the whole TR thing next chapter... probably. Bye!

Love at First- Never Mind

1592

(England pov)

I was pacing my house. My children would be here soon. Prussia and I had joint custody of them, so they would stay at my house for a month, then stay at his house for a month, and repeat. Prussia and I were indeed married, it's just that it wasn't a very close marriage. The real question was, did we ever really love each other?

A knock sounded at my door, and just outside stood my husband, his black wings folded behind him neatly. "Hallo," he said in his usual tone. A tone sweet as sugar, yet somehow also sharp as the finest sword.

Behind him were my children. There was dry blood on their faces, but it obviously wasn't theirs. So Prussia had been training them again?

My children hugged him one last time before he said, "Auf Wiedersien, meine Kinder (Goodbye, my children)."

"Auf Weidersien!" they replied.

I stood there and watched. Maybe my husband and I didn't love each other. We hadn't even made eye contact. I don't know. Maybe I'm just imagining things.

Another knock sounded at the door. I went to check it out. Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth stood there, seemingly infuriated. "Anglija! Man reikia su tavimi pasikalbėti. Pageidautina privačiai (England! I need to talk with you. Preferably in private)." I didn't understand a word he said.

"I don't speak Polish," I said. "That was Lithuanian, you fucking idiot," he shot back. "My apologies," I said, hoping to ease the

tension. "But please," I sighed, "no swearing in front of the children." He nodded and we walked out of the room.

"So, what's the problem?" I asked. "Your husband r*ped me," he replied. I just stood there staring. I knew that man had cheated on me, and to be honest, I didn't really care about that, but r*ping someone was crossing a line.

I breathed in deeply and said, "Well then I'll help you beat the shit out of him and file for divorce. That's about the only thing I can do, unfortunately, and I won't be able to bring my army with me, but I think it will do." He didn't seem too happy that I couldn't do more, but he eventually agreed.

_____

Hello! I hope you enjoyed this England and Prussia backstory. Also, their marriage was almost arranged because they were both sluts and let's just say they did some freaky shit and then their countries decided they should marry for no apparent reason.

Her Friend

(Poland pov)

The damn German bitch was back. I didn't care what anyone said, I didn't trust her and I doubt anyone else did either. Well, other than the Japans of course, but even Germany knew better than to trust her. He looked terrified out of his mind. East was half hiding behind me. They'd never met their mom, but they'd both heard enough terrifying stories to know better than to get anywhere near her.

And what was with this human with her? I mean, he seemed pretty harmless, but we don't wanna take any chances. I glared at him. He noticed and plastered on a smile that obviously told me that he was terrified. He did a small bow and said, "こんにちは (Hello)." I continued to glare at him and he decided to break eye contact.

I noticed that TR had turned her attention back to the Japans, and Germany used this period of time to hide behind me.

I swear, I'm a German magnet at this point.

"Why me?" I asked the German boy. "I don't know? You were closer and one of the strongest people here, I guess?" he replied. I forgot that it wasn't often that he was put under much pressure other than with paperwork, so the fact that he's a lot less smart in a somewhat dangerous situation is fair.

TR eventually noticed that there was a child missing and soon saw him hiding behind me. "Germany," I whispered to the younger country, "Politely fuck off before your mom comes over here." He seemed to shift so that he was better hidden and said, "Bitte, nein (Please no)."

Oh? So he was going to make me do this the hard way? I sighed. "East, kick your brother."

"The knees or the balls?"

"Either is fine."

TR came walking over just as Germany walked out from behind me clearly in a lot of pain. So East went for the balls?

Good boy.

_____

This is based on the average day at my school when we are left unsupervised for 5 minutes. I hope you enjoyed. I go to the void!

The Newcomers

Year: 1635

(America pov)

I walked along the shore of Jamestown, Virginia. Today was a special day because my sister and I would soon be turning 48! It was only a few days away. What I didn't expect was a visit from another country. Well, other than either of my fathers.

It did appear to be an English ship, but many of the people on the ship weren't English. I even spotted two countryhumans among them. For one of them, the general shape of their flag was similar to my father's, but the color scheme was far off.

I tried to take a closer look. There was someone younger with them. Possibly their child.

I tried stepping even closer, but was cut off by a guard. Shit, forgot that I was still in human form. I mean, even if I was in my flag form they might not let me pass. Colonyhumans aren't exactly very respected compared to countryhumans.

The seemingly younger countryhuman pointed at me, and whispered something to the other. He walked up to me. "Привет," he said to me. So he was Russian. Interesting. I guess I really will end up using those Russian lessons from Vater after all. He seemed to notice that I looked somewhat confused and attempted to apologize, though his English was terrible. "Apologies. You? Local?" His pronunciation was horrible, but I assumed that he likely didn't really use English much. "Нет. Я говорю по-русски (No. I speak Russian)," I replied. From the expression on his face I could tell that I mispronounced literally every word of that sentence. "Я понимаю русский язык (I understand Russian)," I corrected myself.

He laughed a bit before saying, in the same horribly mispronounced English you will ever hear, "And I understand English." We both

laughed at how badly we would mispronounce things in the other's language and it actually took a while before I learned his name: Russian Empire.

_____

And this is how RE and USA met. I might continue this part of the story later, depending on whether anyone wants more.

Also, THANK YOU SOOOOOOOO MUCH FOR 1K READS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Under the Sea

(Philippines pov)

I was still trying to process the return of TR. What next? Was JE going to show up claiming to be nice too?

But of course, I had one more question that needed to be addressed. Where to now? Even if weakened, the humans still know where we are. That risk was too much to just brush off.

I mentioned it to America, who immediately started talking to other people to help him get everyone together to talk about it.

Before I knew it, everyone was asking what to do now. Somebody even said that we should go to Countryhuman City, even though Poland specifically said that Countryhuman City couldn't handle all of us for long periods of time. And it's not like we can just stay here on Earth either.

"What if we go under water?" someone else suggested. It actually wasn't a bad idea. Humans have always struggled to get to the bottom of the ocean, but it's not like we really could either. Not without someone who either had an air power or a water power. British Empire was the last country with a water power, but he was dead. But maybe someone had wind powers.

"Maybe we could find someone with wind powers to keep out the water and refresh the air so we could stay down there a long time," I suggested. Scotland jumped up. I forgot his strong power was wind. The question was could he keep the wind going for extended periods of time? I voiced my concern and was met with Scotland saying that he could use his wind powers and then Turkey could use his prolonging power to make it last for a super long time, possibly even thousands of years.

We all agreed on it. Now the only question was, where would we build our new underwater civilization?

_____

Hello there. I'm thinking of ending this book soon so if you have any plot points you'd like me to revisit/finish, write them soon because once they finish getting underwater, this book is going to finally be completed and I'm not continuing it later.

Also, all of the countries powers are based off something about them. Like Turkey has a prolonging power because it's home to the oldest manmade structure in the world. Scotland's power is wind because Scotland is the windiest place in Europe and third windiest country in the world (first and second place belong to Antarctica and New Zealand, but I've already chosen powers for both of them (New Zealand has Laser Kiwi powers >:D)

To Australia and Kiwiiiiiii!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Poland pov)

After our discussion, soon came the question of how we would get there. Everyone looked at me. "Oh, hell no!" I shouted. "I brought East back to life, like... yesterday! I can't teleport all you bitches!"

TR told me not to swear as there were children in the room. Germany actually pointed out something that would protect me from her wrath. "Actually, America taught me every swear word in the English dictionary before I even knew how to walk... and sometimes being around France didn't exactly shrink my French vocabulary if you know what I mean."

France looked offended. "I do not swear!" she shouted. Germany just replied with "Yes you do," and she went ballistic. I never knew there were so many swear words in French. TR just looked disappointed. What surprised me is when she said, "I wanted to teach you to swear..."

"Back to business," I said. "How are we supposed to get to the fucking Mariana Trench from Antarctica?" Everyone looked at me again. "Without using my powers," I clarified.

"I could work with Alaska to make an ice boat," Antarctica offered. "And when we get to Australia, New Zealand and Australia can help me push the boat forward!" Arizona offered. America stopped her. "Look, Ari, I know your fire powers are strong, but they're not strong enough to push a boat hundreds of miles constantly." I cleared my throat. "I could get Australia and New Zealand now," I offered. "Didn't you just say that you couldn't use your teleportation powers?" China asked, annoyed. "I said that I wasn't strong enough to teleport all 153 of us to the Mariana Trench, which is literally near fucking Japan and we are directly on the South Pole! I can teleport two people plus myself back from Australia."

China was about to criticize me again, but America threw a table at her. Don't know where he got the table, but hey, it shut her up.

"I think your idea was fine," America said. So I teleported to Australia, grabbed Australia and New Zealand, and teleported back. They were a tiny bit confused, but it was fine. Also about two seconds lateripassedoutokaybyeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

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Hi guys. Sorry for the later than usual post. Technical difficulties. Also, unless you guys have any plot points you want me to finish, then I'm finishing up next chapter or the chapter after that. Bye I guess.

We're Here

(America pov)

Wow, Poland was not kidding when he said that he was weak due to bringing East back to life a couple days ago. It's been a whole 24 hours and he hasn't woken up yet.

Anyway, we were already on the ice boat, heading towards Australia to pick up the other countries. We wouldn't have to wait long though. Ari, Aussi, and Kiwi are really powerful, and I swear, we are going at literally 1000 kilometers per hour. Everyone was holding on for dear life.

The "engine" stopped and all of us flew overboard onto the Australian coast. All the Southern Hemisphere countries were standing there and climbing onto the boat.

I was nominated to pull Poland's unconscious body back onto the boat. When I grabbed him, a human spotted us. I ran with him thrown over my shoulder and made it onto the boat, which immediately started up. We were going at nearly ten times the speed we were earlier. At this point, everyone was just praying to what ever deity they worshiped that we wouldn't all get killed.

Arizona casually walked up to me. Wait, WASN'T SHE SUPPOSED TO BE PUSHING THE BOAT??? "Hola! Nueva Zelanda está usando sus poderes de 'Laser Kiwi' (Hello! New Zealand her 'Laser Kiwi' powers)," she told me. I forgot how powerful the Laser Kiwi was.

Then we started to speed up even more. I swear, if we go even the slightest bit faster, we're going to create a sonic boom. We started slowing down, but this time, much more slowly.

"What the fuck happened..?" a somewhat angry, yet also tired voice said. I looked to my right, and Poland had finally woken up.

Itsuki, TR's human friend, ran up to Poland. Apparently, Itsuki's

mother was a nurse, and he learned a thing or two from her. He's become the only medic since Poland blacked out. Luckily, no one's gotten severely injured in the past 24 hours, so it was fine.

Then, we finally came to a stop. Ms. Kiwi herself came out onto the deck and said, "We're here."

Scotland stepped forward and began to create a huge air-bubble in the water. We had already snatched a whole bunch of plant seeds and Philippines had light powers to help them photosynthesize. We had also gotten a few farm animals (do not question) to be meat-food. Not to mention, we have several people here who can use their powers to filter water, so we can just use their water from the ocean around us to do anything that requires water.

As soon as Scotland gave the okay, all of us jumped into the air bubble and Scotland brought us to the very bottom of the Mariana Trench. We would live the rest of our lives here. As Turkey put the prolonging spell on the bubble that now covered the bottom of the whole trench, we began to settle down.

This was our life now. Possibly forever. What could possibly go wrong?

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Well, guys, this is the final chapter.

Just kidding, get back here, I have to make it exactly 69 chapters, we all know this.

Lol

(500 years later)

A lot, grandpa. A WHOLE LOT.

-United America (UA) (America's granddaughter in my AU)

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Okay, now it's the end for real.